

BOYS
and
GIRLS
of
MANY
LANDS

INEZ N.
MC FEE

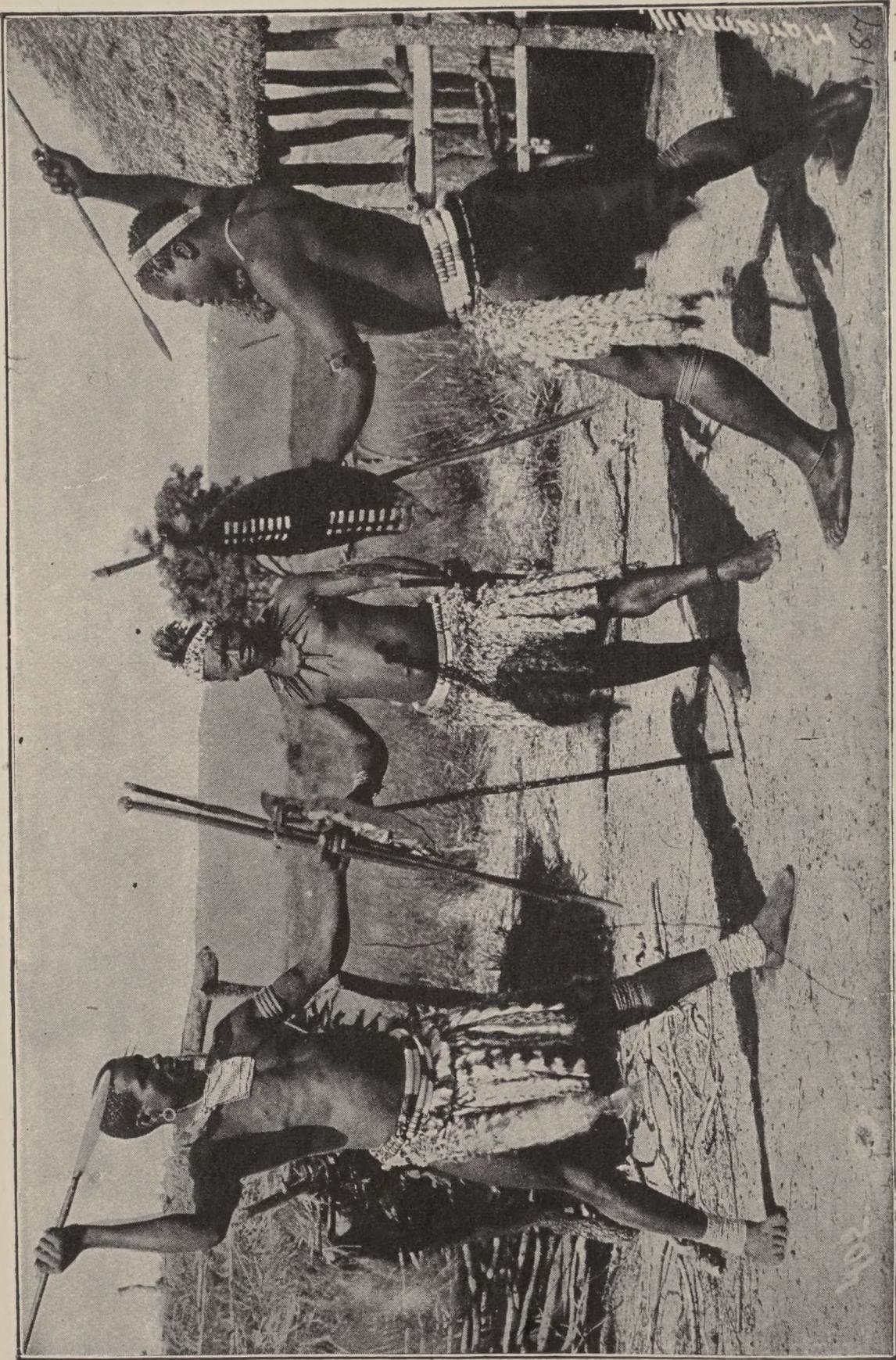


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YOUNG ZULU WARRIORS

BOYS AND GIRLS OF MANY LANDS

BY

INEZ N. McFEE

AUTHOR OF "AMERICAN HEROES FROM HISTORY," ETC.

"Little Indian, Sioux or Crow
Little frosty Eskimo
Little Turk or Japanese—"

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PREFACE

THERE is a fairy-tale of a magic carpet on which you need only seat yourself to be transported to any country at will. Haven't you wished sometimes that you owned such a carpet? What a fine thing it would be!

"I believe I would like to visit Norway to-day," you might say—and, presto, there before your eyes would lay the Land of the Midnight Sun. Or, perhaps, you would take a peep at Italy, or Africa, or Hawaii. Any pleasant day when you didn't have anything else to do, away you could fly to get acquainted with your cousins in other lands.

Now each of us has a fairy gift that is far more wonderful than the magic carpet of old. We call it the imagination. By its aid we can see places on the other side of the globe, and become acquainted with people whose land we may never actually visit in person. We can watch the boys and girls in their work and play; we can see the interior of their homes; and we can almost tell what they are thinking about.

PREFACE

Let us, then, spread out the fairy rug of fancy to-day. Don't you wish to get aboard? Then come—a merry crowd is waiting—a fair breeze is blowing and we shall sail around the world. As we pass, we shall wave greetings to the Boys and Girls of Many Lands!

A WONDROUS JOURNEY

*I should like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow ;—
Where below another sky
Parrot islands anchored lie,
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
Lonely Crusoes building boats ;—
Where in sunshine reaching out
Eastern cities, miles about,
Are with mosque and minaret
Among sandy gardens set,
And the rich goods from near and far
Hang for sale in the bazaar ;—
Where the Great Wall round China goes,
And on one side the desert blows,
And with bell and voice and drum,
Cities on the other hum ;—
Where are forests hot as fire,
Wide as England, tall as a spire,
Full of apes and cocoanuts
And the negro hunters' huts ;—
Where the knotty crocodile
Lies and blinks in the Nile,*

A WONDROUS JOURNEY

*And the red flamingo flies
Hunting fish before his eyes ;—
Where in jungles near and far,
Man-devouring tigers are,
Lying close and giving ear
Lest the hunt be drawing near,
Or a comer-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin ;—
Where among the desert sands
Some deserted city stands,
All its children, sweep and prince,
Grown to manhood ages since,
Not a foot in street or house,
Not a stir of child or mouse,
And when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light.*

—From Stevenson's poem "Travel."

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A Little African Boy¹

WE are going to spend a couple of days with Tigeris, a little black boy, who lives in the very heart of Africa. As you know, Africa is called "The Dark Continent," and very little is known about it. But it is a wonderful land, filled with strange animals and queer people. It contains the oldest monuments, the greatest desert, and the richest diamond mines in the world, but we shall see none of these: neither shall we peep into Egypt to view the rich valleys of the Nile, or visit the Moors in the Barbary States. We shall aim to keep away from white people and civilization.

The little boy we shall visit is the son of a savage chief. He knows nothing of civilized ways and customs. He never heard of books and schools, and he does not even know how old he is. But he is a happy little chap, and he and his sister Musette have fine times together. Their

¹ From the writer's "*Children of the Southlands*," Part II, Instructor Literature Series, by permission of the publishers, F. A. Owen Co.

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home is a low hut made of clay thatched with palm leaves. There is not a single window, and only one narrow door, but then the family only use it at night and for shelter when it rains. There is a small porch roofed with palm grass and strewn with soft mats, which Musette has made. It is a fine place to lie and dream while the midday sun shines fiercely down.

Tigeris and Musette wear very few clothes ; none at all most of the time. Their skins are soft and shiny, like black satin. Every morning they take a bath in the river, and lie upon the bank until they are dry. They have thick, red lips, and their eyes are very round and bright and black. Their teeth are white as pearls, but Tigeris has spoiled his by having them filed wedge-shaped. All the grown-ups in this clan have their teeth fixed this way. There are other tribes in Africa who think it is the height of fashion and beauty to wear their teeth pointed.

Their father, the great chief, is called a fine looking man, but we can hardly keep our faces straight when we look at him. He wears no clothing but a loin-cloth woven of pineapple leaves, and his body is streaked and colored in a peculiar fashion with white and yellow chalk.

His beard is braided into tiny braids that stand out from his chin like rat tails, and the wool sticks out from under his tall grass hat in the same queer style. His eyebrows are carefully shaved. He wears a string of charms around his neck. These are to protect him from enemies, for he is a great warrior, and has been chosen chief because of his bravery in fighting and his skill in hunting.

He has had many hand to hand fights with panthers and gorillas, and more than once has he been chased by an angry elephant and won the victory. The children honor and fear their father, and the dearest wish of Tigeris' heart is that he may grow up to be a great chief like him.

The boys begin early to train themselves for the life of a warrior. They have many mock battles in an open field near the village. They rush at each other with wooden spears and blunt knives, and sometimes the morning passes before either side wins the victory. They early learn to fish and hunt and bring in game for the family meals.

Tigeris has a narrow, flat-bottomed boat which he made all himself from a tree which his father cut down for him. It took him many days to

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make it, for he wanted it to be as nice as possible. The paddles are beautifully carved, and the sail is made of neatly woven grass. He spends many hours sailing along in the shade of the tall trees which line the river's banks. He has great fun and seems to care nothing at all for the scores of gnats and mosquitoes, which would drive us nearly wild and send us home in a hurry.

But the black boy does not spend all his time in play and sport. He has to make war shields and spears, and to weave nets for trapping and fishing. He must often trudge along many weary miles after his father, carrying the extra bows and arrows, the lunch basket, etc. He helps his mother and sisters to raise the tobacco and peanuts, and goes with them to catch crabs. But this last is a job which he enjoys. It is such fun to see the crabs get excited and scuttle around showing fight! Tigeris is not the least afraid of them. He strikes the crab a good stout blow on the back with his heavy hunting knife. This stuns it, and in a moment he jerks off its claws and thrusts it into a basket. Sometimes the blow will not be hard enough, and the crab will rush out from his burrow and try to crawl into the home of his neighbor. But the neighbor will not

stand for any such hasty ill manners. He pops out and the two crabs get into a fight, while Tigeris holds his sides and laughs.

Once Tigeris was rather unwise in the way he caught hold of a crab's claw. It shut up tightly around his hand. Tigeris screamed with pain and his mother hurried up and cut off the claw with her sharp knife. But even then it did not let loose from the boy's hand. He continued to scream and was almost faint with pain. His mother had to pry off the claw, and bind up the bruised hand in soothing leaves. It was several days before Tigeris could use it.

And perhaps you are wondering what became of the crab? He hurried away into his quiet, dark burrow, and stayed there until a new claw grew out to take the place of the old one! Some of the crabs have very beautiful shells of red and bright blue, but the gray ones are the best for eating.

Tigeris' mother is a very good cook. Let us drop in at one of their feasts and see what they have. Of course the feast is gotten up by all the women of the tribe, and it is cooked outdoors, as all their cooking is done. First we have turtle soup, which is fine. Then there is roast ele-

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phant's leg and roast monkey. These were cooked in holes in the ground which were first heated with stones, then the meat was put in and covered with grass and more hot stones, after which the hole was filled up with dirt and left for about thirty-six hours. So you see even the black African savages use fireless cookers! There is broiled buffalo steak and broiled crocodile seasoned with lemon juice and cayenne pepper. We try a little of the buffalo steak and find it very good, but we have no stomach for the elephant, the monkey or the crocodile!

And there are some queer side dishes which we think best not to look at. The boys and girls scoured the forest for them, and they are considered great delicacies by these savages. They are frizzled caterpillars, paste of mashed ants, and toasted crickets! There is a snake stew which the blacks smack their lips over, but we pass it by and eat heartily of the many different kinds of fish. There are sweet potatoes, peanut butter, preserved cocoanut, and "mountain cabbage," the young leaves of the palm, which is white and tender and delicious indeed. There is some elephant gravy. It is made up largely of palm oil and looks very rich. But we do not

care for any. It is passed along down the line in the clay kettle in which it was made, and each negro dips his manioc bread in it! Manioc bread is made from a bulb which looks something like a potato. There are no knives, plates, or spoons. Every one eats with his fingers. There are some cups made of cocoanuts. Every one drinks palm wine and the fermented juice of the baobao tree. We like the palm wine, for it is sweet and pleasant and was just made the day before; but we do not touch the other, as it is sour and very intoxicating.

After the feast, the blacks are too "stuffed" and lazy to move. They lounge about under the trees and sleep a good deal. Finally, as twilight draws near, some one begins to sing. In a moment the grove of banana trees and stately palms is filled with rich melody from the beautiful negro voices. Everybody sings until they are tired, and we listen in delight. Then Tigeris brings out his home-made xylophone and treats us to some soft sweet music. Soon other instruments appear, and we think one big fellow will certainly burst his lungs blowing a big ivory horn! Then somebody sounds the tom-tom, and the woods is alive with happy blacks laughing, shouting, singing,

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and dancing in and out and around under the trees, until their breath is gone and they sink upon the grass.

Next morning some of the merrymakers, who have over-eaten and tired themselves out generally, are too ill to sit up. Every one is greatly worried and many charms are worked to rid the village of the evil spirits which must have crept in. Nothing does any good, however, and so the medicine man is sent for. The messenger carries presents to him of the best things in the village. He is a man of great power. He can bring rain and drive away fevers and his hut is a sacred place which none of the blacks dare enter. He wears metal rings about his body, to which are tied funny little packages of snake skin with bird feathers sticking out. These are charms. Besides the charms, he wears a number of little iron bells which clang every time he moves. "The doctor" goes through some mysterious motions to drive away the evil spirits and hangs a charm, made of hairs from an elephant's tail, around each poor sufferer's neck. Then, having gone through enough "humbug" to mystify the poor people, he uses his knowledge of drugs and boils up some herbs to stimulate the

liver, and orders his patients to rest and take large doses for several days. Then he goes back solemnly to his hut, and the people bow low before him as he passes.

Tigeris says his people were very much disappointed when they learned who we were. They thought we were a band of traders, and were wild with joy at the thought of the things they would get in trade for their stock of hides, ivory, cocoanuts, roots, tree bark, and trained parrots. He says he is going to get some real music, and goes through the motions of playing a violin. His mother and sister want some beads and bracelets. His father wants a big gun which will "shoot fire." We happen to have a few trinkets with us and we distribute them as presents. Among them is a small hand mirror. It is a source of joy to everybody. The "beauties" of the village seem never to tire of admiring their fine looks, while the children have all sorts of fun making faces into it. Tigeris says that the traders hardly ever come to their village; they go to them on the coast.

Just as we are about to leave, some one comes into the camp with the report that a great herd of elephants is near at hand. Everybody is much

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excited and the men quickly get ready to go out on a hunt. For a minute we are greatly tempted to stay and see the fun. But we have been told that elephant hunting is rather a dangerous pastime, also Tigeris has said that his father is daily expecting trouble with a savage race near him, whose women wear great wooden rings in their noses, brass rings in their ears, metal armlets, anklets, and bracelets, and whose men are very fierce indeed, so we think best to go.

Carl of Australia

CARL CAMPBELL'S father owns a sheep ranch of several thousand acres not far from Sydney, "the New York of Australia." Carl himself is a bright-eyed little chap, much like his English cousins. He belongs to a champion cricket club, and he and his sister Zelpha are no end of good sport at tennis and croquet. Their home is a comfortable white villa, with many large porches, in the very center of "the station," as the ranch is called. All about are the homes of the men, the warehouses, stores, offices, stables, blacksmith and carpenter shops, etc. Indeed, the station is quite a village, and we cannot imagine things ever being dull here. There is so much to do, and so many interesting things to see.

First of all, there are the sheep—some forty thousand of them! They are mostly out on the range pastures. These pastures are fenced, so that no shepherds are needed; but there are boundary riders, who go the rounds looking after the fences and taking care that the sheep have

plenty of water and salt. They do not require shelter, and live in the fields from one year's end to the other. Mr. Campbell has just bought a new flock header, Sir Sylvester, a great ram with nearly fifty pounds of wool on him. He cost \$3,500, and he is certainly a beauty, white as the purest snow. His fleece lies in rolls and folds. We can hardly find the skin beneath. Indeed if it were not for his horns, his nose, and his hoofs, we might take him for a big bundle of wool. His eyes are so hidden in the long hair about his head and ears that they look like mere slits in the wool.

At one of the stables there are a dozen or more men shearing sheep by electricity. The power is communicated by a tube such as dentists use. The shears is made up of several little knives fixed in a frame, which is pressed closely against the wool. They move back and forth like the knives of a mowing machine, and the work is done much better and smoother than can be done by hand. The sheep wait in pens which communicate by door to each shearer. A man stands in the door to pass the victims in and out, and there is another man in the pen to round up the animals as they are needed. Other men gather

up the fleeces and sort them into piles ; the tags from the legs and tail going into one heap, and the fine wool from the sides and underparts of the body into another. Fine wool brings twice as much as the coarse wool. Most of the common sheep yield from six to ten pounds of wool. We see at once the value of breeding first-class sheep. If Mr. Campbell can get an increase of even one pound of wool per animal, he will have 40,000 more pounds of wool to sell. Sir Sylvester is money well invested. The sheep come into the shearing pens looking fat and gray ; they are snow-white and shrunken when they leave. And how greasy the wool is ! The workmen's hands shine as though coated with vaseline.

Australia is a very dry country and effort is made to save every drop of water that falls. All of the buildings are roofed with galvanized iron and piped to iron tanks. Sometimes in various sections of the country there are weeks and weeks of drouth. The pastures become as dry as the road, and thousands of sheep die for lack of food and water. Often the poor sheep owners become crazed with grief over the sufferings of the wretched beasts which they are powerless to aid.

In the very beginning, Mr. Campbell gives us a word of warning : "We have over two hundred kinds of lizards," says he, "and no end of venomous snakes. You will have to keep watch where you step. Also look closely at the log where you are tempted to sit ; it may be an alligator!"

We resolve not to get far from a guide, as we set out with Carl and some of the men for a great emu egg hunt. The emu looks somewhat like the ostrich, save that it is not so tall and its body is thicker and more clumsy. Its feathers are like coarse hair, and are of a dark brown color, spotted with gray. The wings are so short as to be almost invisible when held close to the body. The sheep men consider the emu an enemy, for it eats the grass which the sheep need. So they not only shoot them whenever they can, but also hunt out their nests and break the eggs. These are enormous when compared with hen eggs, but they lack a good deal of being as large as an ostrich egg. Egg hunting is sometimes dangerous business. For the emus kick and bite, and a blow from the foot of one of them is sufficient to kill a man. But we have good horses trained for the business, and dogs which know just how to grab the birds by the neck so that they cannot

manage one of their cow-fashion kicks. We lay low half a dozen or more birds and break some hundred or two eggs. We take home some eggs to have the shells mounted in silver as souvenir sugar shells.

Carl says the woods are full of brush turkeys, and that there are black swans in nearly all the streams. He points out the lyre bird, with its curiously shaped tail, and another odd bit of feathers called the satin bower bird. This bird makes the quaintest home imaginable. It raises a sort of platform, sometimes three feet in diameter, of woven sticks, and builds thereon a dainty little bower of sticks and feathers, which it further decorates with bones and shells. Here is a young satin bower bird. It is bright green! Its father and mother wear shining coats of black and brown respectively.

We see a funny little animal, called the spiny ant-eater, slipping shyly out of sight behind a decaying stump. It is the "hedgehog" of Australia, and looks much like its American relative, save that it has a long snout, and a round, velvety tongue with a perfect passion for licking up ants. The creature lays eggs and puts them in its pouch, where they are carried until they hatch.

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Another odd little egg-layer is the duck-billed platypus—a sort of water mole, about twenty inches in length, with soft, thick fur, webbed feet, and a bill almost exactly like a duck's. Its home is a tunnel, built far under the stream, with a door opening to the land and another to the water. It is said to sit upon its eggs as the birds do. It feeds upon shell-fish, water insects, beetles and roots.

There are more than one hundred different kinds of pouch bearing animals in Australia. Carl says he has seen great gray kangaroos, more than seven feet in length. And Mr. Campbell tells us that we had better forget our plans for capturing a kangaroo! They are dangerous when cornered. One of his men had a narrow escape only a few days before, and one of their best dogs had been killed. The kangaroo backed up at bay against a tree, and when the dog sprang upon her, she seized him with her fore-paws and held him crushed against her breast while she fairly tore him to pieces. The man received several ugly gashes from her sharp claws, which were as hard as ivory and cut like a knife. Red and gray kangaroos are hunted in Australia by the thousand, but one

needs a horse and a dog bred for the business. The large kangaroos can leap twenty to thirty feet at a jump, and they get over the country at a great rate. Water is no bar ; indeed they take to it whenever they can. If a dog is unwise enough to follow, they seize him and hold his head under until he is drowned. Kangaroo skins are valuable, especially those of the smaller kinds, which are in great demand for bags, shoes, and other things.

Such marvelous trees and plants as we see in our rides over the ranch ! There are ferns so tall and stocky that we climb them just for the fun of it. There are nettles almost as high as the ferns, and we speedily learn to watch for their stinging light green leaves and give them as wide a berth as possible. There are palm trees and evergreens matted together into a jungle. We have to cut our way through them in places, and our eyes fairly bulge in the strict watch we keep for venomous ants, lizards, and snakes. There are gigantic blue gum trees, three hundred feet tall and six feet in diameter. Everywhere are the most wonderful flowering plants. We see all sorts and shapes of beautiful orchid bloom and gorgeous dark red lilies. There is a strange tree

that looks like a stump all sprouted with coarse spiny grass. It is called the grass tree. The bottle tree is shaped like a great bottle, with branches and leaves growing out of the cork.

We go with Carl and Mr. Campbell on a little trip into the neighboring province of Queensland. Here we have the rare good luck to chance upon a camp of the Australian aborigines, who have drifted down from their homes farther north. We are a little bit frightened, but Mr. Campbell assures us that we are perfectly safe. He says these people think the white settlers are natives who have died and been born again. They think that they themselves will come back to earth in white skins! Surely it would be a wondrous transformation! They are the oddest-looking people imaginable. They are built something like the negro, but there the resemblance ends, for their skin is brown and they do not have the woolly hair, nor the thick lips and flat noses of the African. What fierce stubby black beards the men have, and there is long bristly hair on their chests, legs and arms! The children are quite naked, and a good many of the men and women wear precious little but a coat of fish oil and a little paint. Their homes are mere pup tents of

skins, and are seldom used excepting in bad weather.

What is that ugly-looking weapon so many of them are carrying? It is a boomerang. They are used more for playthings than for fighting. They look something like a curved grass scythe, only they are made of wood. The men throw them so skillfully that they strike what they are aimed at and return to the throwers.

Mr. Campbell says there are many odd tribes of wild men along the northern coast. Some of them pierce their noses, just under the nostril, and thrust in a nose pin about ten inches in length; others pierce their ears, and stick in an ornament of kangaroo bones. Some tribes wear little fringed turbans, others deck themselves with wild-looking feather head-dresses, and still others tie the knuckle bones and teeth of kangaroos to their forelocks and allow them to dangle down over the forehead. Some of them have their bodies "ornamented" with great black-ridged scars. These are made by hacking the flesh with sharp shells, and dusting charcoal onto the wound. The braver and more exalted the man, the more scars he has! Some of the great chiefs are fairly covered with the hideous things.

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We must take care how we act if we meet any of these wild people, but we are not likely to do so as they keep to themselves in their out-of-the-way homes.

Our Playmates in Austria

SUPPOSE we hie ourselves over to Austria today, to the delightful valley of the Eggen-Tal in South Tyrol. There are some very interesting playmates here, and we shall have a happy time. But, before we start, let us glance for a moment at the map of Europe. You have probably noticed that the outline of Italy is shaped like a hunting boot. Tyrol juts out from the main body of Austria and forms a strap or "lobe" to the boot. It is a beautiful little country, almost in the heart of the Alps, with long, narrow valleys, picturesque lakes, and great rocky crags crowned by ancient castles. It stands from 1,800 to 9,400 feet above sea-level, and there is no spot in all the world more famous as a resort for pleasure-seeking and health-seeking people.

The entrance to the Eggen-Tal is through a picturesque old fortified gateway of stone and masonry, with tiled towers and turrets, and vine-grown walls. We gaze about in admiration, drinking in the splendid mountain air, which

surely rivals the long-sought "Fountain of Youth." Not far away is the great castle Schloss Karneid, 1,525 feet above the valley, on a crag so steep that a road up it is impossible. The inhabitants reach it on their own feet, with the aid of their stout, trusty staffs. And to them the stiff climb presents no difficulty. For nowhere is there a heartier, sturdier people than those of Austrian Tyrol.

Other castles dot the crags as far as eye can reach, and the road stretches away like a path through fairyland. Now it hugs closely against the great cliffs shining with their many-hued crystals of quartz and feldspar; again it crosses terraces in the cliff, or is carried upon arches; now it tunnels through a spur, and again it leaps a silvery waterfall to avoid one. It climbs where it can, turns abruptly where it must, and is seldom wide enough for more than one team, save at the "turn outs." It is customary to shout and crack the whip at the never-ending turns and tunnels. At first we are much dismayed, even frightened, at the racket, but we soon learn what to expect.

And certainly never was there a road less lonely! The scenery is the loveliest imaginable,

and we are continually meeting carriage-loads of tourists and people of every color and nation on foot. Yonder comes an omnibus, and a little farther on is a great team of milk-white oxen, drawing a heavy load of timber. How fat the beasts are! How sleek their well-groomed sides! Evidently their peasant driver takes great care of them, and is well-pleased at our admiration, which is not all for the oxen. Look at the man himself! How strong and erect he is! Look at his broad shoulders, his shrewd, kindly eyes and his seamed face—for he is not a young man. There are, alas! few young men in this section now.—Outdoor life, simple tastes, and wants that are few, bring long years and serene old age to the Tyrolese. Notice the man's apron! All the Tyrol peasants wear aprons; so, too, do the women and children.

Over here on the right men, women, and children are working in the wheat harvest. What would these people think of such work as carried on in the great wheat fields of Canada and our own Northwest? We wonder, as we watch them. For in Austrian Tyrol agriculture is carried on just as though the era of farm machinery had never yet dawned! The grain is cut

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with a small curved hand-sickle, and laboriously carried away to be trodden out by oxen on the threshing floor.

Notice the dress of the women : dark full skirts and aprons, bodices of faded velvet (Sunday hand-downs), and short very full white sleeves. Most of them have kerchiefs knotted about the neck. The head-gear varies from hats of every description to loosely knotted scarfs and kerchiefs. And the women themselves : They are short, sturdy and well-preserved. Nor are they "tired to death" as we would be should we attempt like labor in the fields. See that young woman coming toward us ! Did you ever meet a more bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked maiden ? And that young miss of twelve or thirteen : How many of our girls would just "give their eye teeth" for two such magnificent braids of hair as frame her happy, laughing face !

Isn't that a village on down at the bend in the road ? Let us hasten. It is long past the hour for lunch, but possibly we can get a bite at the inn. It is a hope that presently seems doomed to disappointment. For there is not a soul in sight ; the whole town is apparently deserted. "Gone to the harvest fields !" we exclaim, ruefully. But

no ; here comes a man. It is a priest, telling his beads. "How can he serve us ? But certainly ; old Carlotta is no doubt taking an afternoon *siesta.*" He will call her and our wants shall soon be supplied !

Hard upon this gratifying assurance comes a merry shout, followed by gay whoops of laughter, and the children of the place—those too young to work in the fields—burst upon us from their hiding-places. (We have broken up a great game of Seek-and-Find.) "Here is Philippe, Marie Antoinette, Louise Therese, Peter, Rudolph, Joanna Mary, Maximilian, Frederick, Lorraine Augusta, Matthias, and little Victoria Elizabeth," enumerates the good priest, presenting them proudly. And with good reason ! Never were brighter eyes, sturdier limbs, or more rugged countenances banded together ! The boys are a trifle bashful, but the girls sweep us graceful, old-fashioned courtesies, and little Victoria Elizabeth is so droll and roguish that we want to hug her good and hard. But we fear we might frighten her.

Shall we be able to talk with them ? We venture a question in German.

"Si, signora, si," cries Marie Antoinette hap-

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pily, but with an unmistakable soft Italian slur, "we speak the German, but Italian is our mother-tongue ; the German, he is a step-mother."

The priest makes haste to explain : "Austria is a nation of many races and languages. But German is taught in the schools, and all the people are able to use that tongue if they will. Even in the small province of Tyrol we are divided ; we of South Tyrol seem naturally to prefer the speech and the ways of our Italian neighbors, while North Tyrol is quite German in everything. About forty-five per cent. of the people of Austria are Slavs, and they, as you may know, differ greatly among themselves in languages and civilization."

After lunch we have a joyous game of cross-tag with the children, and then we teach them to play "Prisoner's Base" in thorough American fashion. Priest and pupil escort us to the school, and we are surprised to see how thorough is the course in languages, manual training and music. Children are required by law to attend school from their sixth to the end of their twelfth year. Some of the larger towns have high schools where young people of thirteen to fifteen must attend. There are eleven universities in Austria,

the priest says. He is himself a graduate of Prague, one of the oldest universities in Europe.

Back at the inn the girls bring us their home-made dollies, their knitting and weaving ; and the boys proudly exhibit tops, kites, bird houses, bow and arrows, etc., mostly of their own and their older brothers' make. Rudolph and his sister Louise Therese kindly dress in their Sunday best, so that we may get a photograph of Tyrolese children in costume. How do you like their looks ?

Quite suddenly the bell in the little church near at hand begins to peal joyously, and one of the girls starts up in surprise. "Father Felician," she calls excitedly, and then pauses, for the other children are laughing gayly, and the old priest is nowhere to be seen.

"Stupid," reproves her brother, with his forefinger to his forehead in mocking significance, "see the lengthening shadows ! 'Tis Evening Tide."

And then we understand. The bell is to call home the laborers.

"Come," cries Marie Antoinette, delightedly. "We will meet them at the Shrine of the Bounteous Harvest."

So we set out happily, and presently the incoming workers are in sight. What a gay line of life and color they present! The girls in their bright-colored dresses, their hats dangling at their sides, their arms entwined schoolgirl fashion; the boys leaping, racing, and wrestling helter-skelter; the men and women in laughing groups, or in more sober twos and threes; the couples of sweethearts straggling along at the rear, in no hurry whatever to reach the village.

At length the Shrine of the Bounteous Harvest is reached. This is a board cross, with the image of a beautiful maiden blessing the wheat fields painted upon it. It stands in a little plot of sacred ground, surrounded by a riotous mass of lovely flowers, and protected by a pretty rustic fence. The simple peasants hold it in reverence, and never fail to pass it with a prayer in their hearts. To-day there is an involuntary pausing, two maidens step forward and crown the figure with rich garlands of wheat, some one begins a sacred hymn, which soon thrills and throbs with grateful feeling. For religion is deeply felt and very real to these people. There are shrines of this and similar nature along all the roads and byways in the Tyrol.

Such a cordial greeting as we receive at the close of the little service! It makes us feel quite at home with these kindly people of the soil. Later, a simple supper is served for us at the inn, and afterward all the village gathers upon the green. There are stories, music, and merriment generally. Suddenly some one begins to whistle a riotous waltz and in a twinkling the soft turf is filled with happy dancers—boys and girls, young and old, mingling together in hearty care-free fashion.

Juarez, a Lad of the Amazon

JUAREZ BRAGANZA lives about a day's journey up the Amazon. We might fly straight to his home on the wings of fancy, but don't you think it will be more interesting to take the steamer at Para, at the very mouth of this great King of Rivers? And, while we are about it, we may as well take a peep at Para! For the Braganzas live on a rubber plantation, and we shall have no opportunity there to learn about city life in tropical Brazil.

Para is a gay city of blue, yellow, and green porcelain tiles. The tall, flat-chested business houses crowd close together along the narrow streets, and everywhere the shops overflow on the sidewalk. We see some lovely homes in the residence section, and the most beautiful parks, filled with palms and other tropical trees, and overflowing with children and nurse girls. The babies are quite naked, and the boys and girls are not overburdened with clothes. Indeed yonder is a little chap without a stitch on him, galloping wildly on a stick horse. A negress in a beautiful

silk dress pauses to speak with him. There is a little tot of two or three summers with her, whose only garment is a filmy shawl or scarf of silk. Everywhere there are vultures. These are the scavengers of the Amazon, and the people would not think of killing one of them. They hover about watching eagerly for every morsel that is thrown away. We could pick one up easily, but they are such disgusting creatures that we prefer to give them a wide berth.

Here comes a man with an odd-looking thing, about the size of a wash-tub and a foot thick, on his head. It is a turtle lying on its back. See how it pokes its head in and out of the shell! Turtles are found in countless numbers all along the Amazon. They have their breeding places, where at certain seasons they go and lay their eggs in holes which they dig in the sand. The eggs are about the size of hen eggs, with a leathery skin instead of a shell. Each turtle lays about one hundred and twenty eggs, and often millions and millions of them are deposited in one of the laying places. The people go in crowds and dig them out by the canoe full to make turtle oil. It is a messy business! The eggs are pounded to a jelly with sticks, or perhaps tramped

up with the feet. Water is then poured into the mixture, and it is allowed to stand in the sun. Soon the oil comes to the surface. It is skimmed off and purified by boiling in a copper kettle. It is used for burning and sometimes for cooking. Thousands of little turtles are captured at the egg hunts. These are sold in strings of a dozen each, and we are told they are a delicacy when roasted.

In the market streets are scores of gayly dressed negro women peddling all sorts of things. Here are great stacks of bananas and oranges, so delicious that they fairly melt in one's mouth. Cocoanuts and pineapples may be bought for a few cents. Yonder is a great pile of baskets which have just been brought in from one of the river boats. See, there come men and boys with more of them on their heads! They remind us of the peach baskets at home, and are lined and covered with green palm leaves. How eager the people seem to get them! They rush up and buy a basket and hasten away with it on their heads. Let us look into one. Humph! Only a coarse white meal, which looks something like sawdust and tastes like ground pop-corn! It is manioc flour,—the staple breadstuff of Brazil. We are told that it is very nutritious. And, in-

deed, we know that it is, for we eat a great deal of it ourselves in the shape of tapioca.

Here is a country lad with some tame parrots for sale. They are beautiful birds of an odd shade of greenish-blue, with a tinge of red on the wings and neck. They are cheap enough—two dollars apiece. But alas ! they speak Portuguese. This is the language of Brazil. It sounds much like Spanish, but it is not so musical on account of a certain harsh twang. Shall we buy a pair of the birds and try our hand at teaching them to speak American ? Pedro assures us by every sign at his command that they are docile birds and learn readily.

The streets are thronged with all nations and colors of people. Italian fruit and vegetable peddlers, with their tempting baskets balanced by means of a long pole across their shoulders, are everywhere. So, too, are the scantily clad negro porters. Step aside. Here comes a half-dozen of these burly porters, swinging along with a great object on their heads. It is a piano ! My word !

Here is an odd little brown chap with a basket of fish on his head. Yonder is a lad selling onions. They are braided together by the stems,

and he sells them at so much per foot or yard. There is a big negress with a crate of poultry. How in the world does she manage to balance it on her head? Her hands seldom touch it. And here is the queerest character of them all! He stops before a house and claps a couple of sticks together. They are pieces of a yard-stick, and he is a cloth merchant. See how smilingly the lady receives him! She had rather buy of him than go to the store.

Here is a dusky, olive-skinned little maid crying her heart out because a rascally street gamin has snatched a bag of beans from her and made off with it. "We shall have nothing for supper!" she wails, as we try to comfort her. 'Tis a trouble soon mended. With our arms filled from the baskets of fish and fruit venders, we go with her to the single room that is the home of her father and mother and nine children. It is in a dark corner of an ill-smelling basement. Our approach is noted by a score of dirty little urchins who scurry to cover, and peer out from behind the scanty skirts of their worn mothers.

"Why are you not at school, Carmen?"¹ we ask by way of conversation.

¹ A name very common among the girls of Brazil.

"Please, I am called Josefa," says the little maid. "And there are so many babies, and mother is ill." Reasons a-plenty! Fresia crows and gurgles from her walled soap-box retreat. She is a dear little thing, all curls and dimples, and, after a bath, would charm the heart of any lover of babies. Bernardo wabbles about on bandy little legs, led by Delfina, only a notch taller. Pablito sobs in the corner. He fell into an open sewer awhile ago, and is not yet dry and presentable. José, Raquel, and Rosita work in a factory. Dominique is a street urchin who is seldom home in daylight hours. The father is a poorly-paid bricklayer. The family would have starved long ago but for the ash cakes which the mother and Josefa make to sell among the factory employees.

There is but little furniture in the room—a small table, some rough willow chairs with twisted straw seats. The beds are hammocks, now hanging limp against the wall. At night they must fill the room. The cooking is done on a charcoal brazier. Supper is a simple meal of soup and dry bread; breakfast is a baker's roll and a cup of coffee, without milk or sugar; dinner is a steaming stew of some kind and a

kettle of boiled beans. There are no plates. The family gathers about the principal dish and dips in with their spoon, or sop of bread. We do not stay long. There is little we can do for this humble family, who are, alas! many degrees above some of the tenement people we see.

What a contrast there is between these homes and that of Hidalgo and Carmenlita Nariño, where we are asked to lunch! Their father is one of the richest Brazilians in Rio, and seldom have we been in a more luxurious, refined home. Señora Nariño is a beautiful brunette, and a most charming hostess. She and her elder daughter, Señorita Juliet, spare no pains to make our visit pleasant. They are warmly seconded by the children and their governess. The house is handsomely furnished with richly carved, imported furniture. There are expensive musical instruments and a large, well-selected library. The table shines with cut glass and silver. There is a French chef in the kitchen. After lunch we have a refreshing siesta, and then enjoy a little chat with our hostess and the dreamy-eyed youngsters on the wide veranda of the inner court. How restful it is here, with the musical fountain splashing among bowers of jasmine and roses!

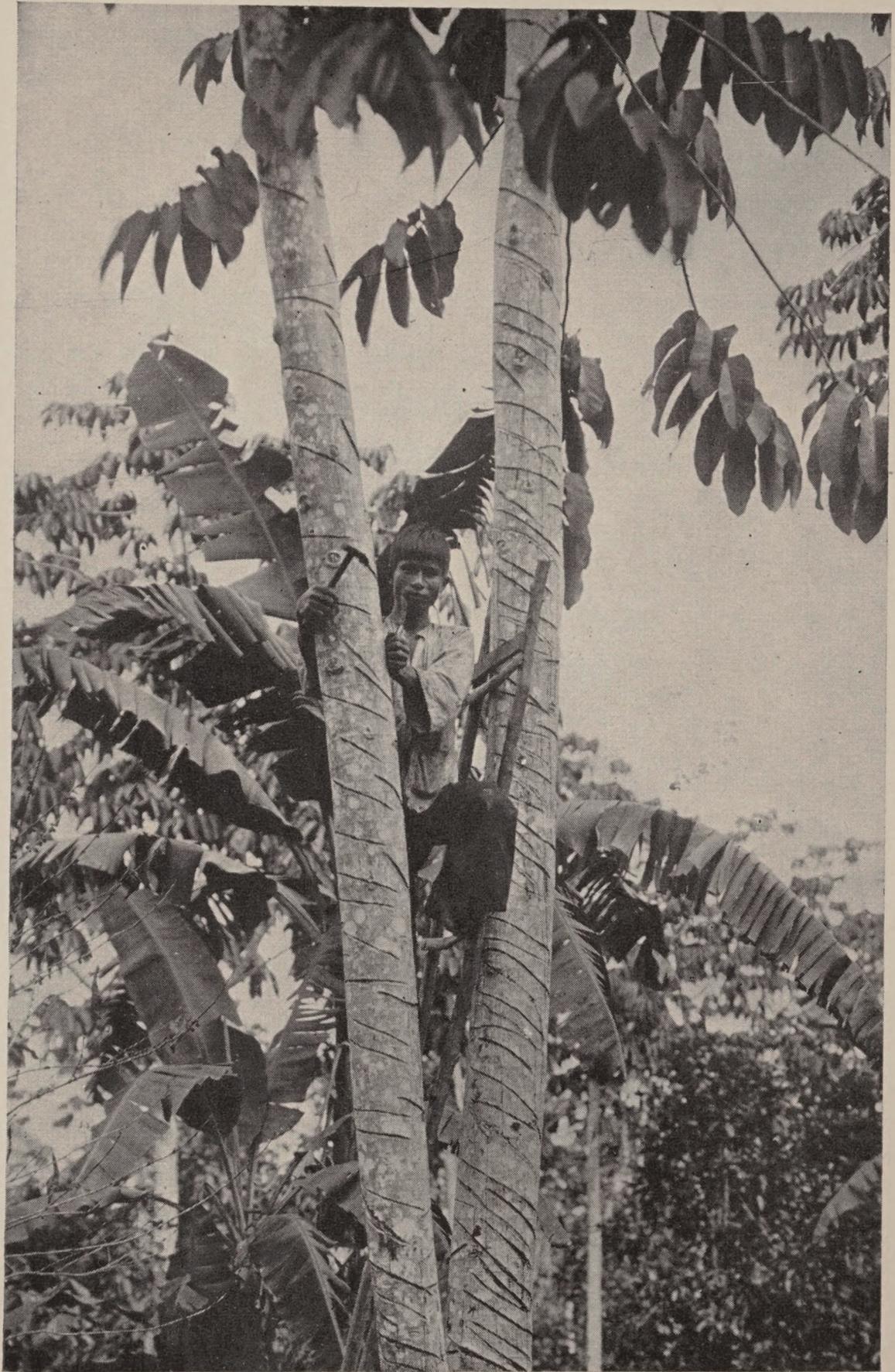
"We Americans should know one another better," says Hidalgo graciously, as we rise to go. "I mean to see your country some day."

We hasten at once to the wharves, and are soon in our hammocks on the deck of the steamer and off up the river. Such a wondrous journey! There are miles of forest wall at least a hundred feet high. Great palms stand side by side with trees not unlike those in our forests at home. Everywhere are hundreds of air plants, feathery creepers hanging in garlands and festoons. Yonder is a dead limb wreathed with orchids. Here is a tree whose top is a great mass of violet bloom. Others are loaded with bunches of white, yellow, and purple. Over here is a tree bursting with flowers much like the tiger lily. Most of the trees have a whitish-gray bark. Some of the trunks are "so twisted and ribbed that they look like mighty cables of white taffy." Sometimes we steam along close to the shore, again we are so far out that the trees seem only a faint line on either side. Here and there, in a small clearing, is the rude thatched hut of a rubber gatherer. Seldom is it over fifteen feet square. The windows are mere holes in the wall. Each hut has its boat tied to the shore. For there are no roads

through the forest; in many places the mat of vines is so thick that one could hardly cut through them. All travel is by water.

What is that tree towering high above the others? What magnificent dark-green foliage! Wouldn't it be fine if we had one on the lawn at home? It is a Brazil nut tree. But look at the fruit. It is shaped like a walnut, but as large around as the largest baseball. Surely that is not the kind of Brazil nut we buy in the stores! But wait, let us remove the thick outer shell. Inside is another hard shell, and this on being opened yields up about twenty of the familiar long, wedge-shaped Brazil nuts. Talk about treasure boxes! We meet no end of boat loads of them. And later, when we get off at Braganza's landing, we tremble lest the monkeys dash some of the nuts down on our heads. For the trees are thick all about and the nuts are quite heavy.

Where are the rubber forests? We thought this part of the country was full of them, and suggest as much to the captain. He laughs good-naturedly. "There are no such things," he tells us earnestly. "Nature has seen fit to scatter her rubber trees, and so far few men have thought it



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TAPPING A RUBBER TREE

worth while to set out plantations. It takes from fifteen to twenty years for a tree to come into bearing; so the natives prefer to tap the wild trees. Most of the so-called rubber plantations are nothing more than forest enclosures, with the trees scattered hit or miss here and yonder. There is a rubber tree now—that tall tree with the thick trunk and smooth whitish bark."

It looks very much like the English ash. High up the trunk gleams like silver. Lower down it is scarred and black and warty—the marks of the rubber gatherer's tomahawk. In the distance we see the shining arms of another great rubber tree. And yonder is another! How easy they are to recognize, now that we know them. They belong to the Braganza plantation we are told, and here we are at the landing! It is a little wharf of wood extending from the warehouse out into the river. To the right is the Braganza dwelling, a low cottage with a red tiled roof and a wide veranda. Juarez rushes down the steps to greet us, and though he speaks in Portuguese, we are very sure of our welcome.

We have dinner almost immediately—a satisfying meal of roast chicken, fish, beans, stewed onions, pumpkin butter, manioc pudding with

chocolate sauce, baked bananas, pineapple salad, oranges, nuts, and coffee. Afterward we are too tired, and too much at peace with all the world, to do anything but sling our hammocks under the trees and crawl into them. How bright the moon is way off down here in the tropics! How the monkeys chatter! Do they ever sleep? we wonder. And then all at once the sun is shining in our faces, Juarez is calling, and we start up eager to make the rounds with the rubber gatherers.

A rubber plantation is measured by the number of paths it contains. Señor Braganza's has something like two hundred, with an average of seventy-five to one hundred and fifty trees each, depending upon their distance apart. Each path has its own rubber gatherer. We set out with one of these, a sturdy negro, who is armed with a sharp hatchet or tomahawk, having a blade about an inch wide, and a number of small tin cups. But he goes too slow, and we race on ahead with Juarez. At the first tree, he takes out his knife and digs into one of the little yellow, waxy lumps which dots the trunk. We do likewise, and soon we are having fine sport seeing who can stretch his thread of rubber the farthest before it breaks.

Then Antonio arrives. He makes a quick gash in the tree bark, taking care not to cut into the wood beneath. As he withdraws the tomahawk, a thin white fluid follows the blade. It looks much like the juice of milkweed and has a sweetish taste. One big thick drop slowly follows another, and the man fastens a tin cup to collect the fluid. He makes two or three more gashes, fits a cup to each and then goes on to the next tree. We follow after, thinking the business rather tame after all, when all at once there is a noise like the explosion of a toy pistol and we are peppered with seeds. At first we think it is some monkey's doings, but Juarez says it is only a rubber shell that has burst. The fruit is enclosed in a round, green prickly husk, like the horse-chestnut, and when they are ripe the seeds burst out in a great flurry, often lighting some distance from the tree.

Antonio will come back about noon, Juarez says, to empty the cups. We decide to wait for him and explore a very little on our own account. No danger of our wandering far in the tangled mass of vines and creepers! There are every shade and variety of parrots and humming-birds, and an odd-looking red and blue bird with a

hooked bill, called a toucan. A white deer flits across the path, and we rouse up a peccary or wild boar asleep in the tangle. Fortunately it is as frightened as we are and we do not have any trouble. Juarez says they are fierce indeed when attacked. Another curious four-legged furry creature, with a long, slender snout and a bushy tail, slips into the creepers. It is an ant-eater. There are giant redwoods, the famous hard-wood trees of Brazil, which are almost indestructible. Here, too, is the carnauba palm, which is said to be more useful than any other tree in the world. The straw-like bark of the tree is used for thatching houses and for making baskets, brooms, and hats. The pith is as light as cork and serves a variety of purposes. Musical instruments are made from the wood of the stem. Wax for candle making is obtained from the leaves. When tapped, the tree gives off a white liquid similar to the milk of a cocoanut. The roots furnish a medicine like sarsaparilla. The young trees are used as a vegetable, and from them wine and vinegar, a kind of sugar, and a starch resembling sago, are made.

Only a few tablespoonfuls flow from a rubber wound in a day, so Antonio has less than two

quarts of "milk" when he gets back. Señor Braganza is very particular about how the rubber is handled, and each man is required to cure his product as soon as he comes in. This is an interesting operation. Antonio goes at once to the curing shed and pours his milk into a large bowl. Then he builds a fire of palm nuts under a curious little clay chimney in one corner of the hut. How fiercely the nuts burn! Soon a dense smoke is pouring out of the top of the chimney, which is not more than waist high. Antonio dips his paddle into the milk and thrusts it into the thickest of the smoke, turning it swiftly all the time so that not a drop of the precious liquid may be wasted. In a twinkling, the rubber turns into a thick, brown-streaked mass, coating the paddle like varnish. Again and again the paddle is dipped and smoked until the milk is all gone, and Antonio holds in his hands a mass of rubber resembling a six pound ham, with a stick thrust into it. A quick gash in one side and the paddle is withdrawn, ready for use on the morrow. Then the "ham" is taken to the warehouse, where it is carefully inspected and placed with a great pile of other rubber hams waiting to be shipped. Juarez says these will be rigidly examined at the

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Para warehouse by the buyers, who always cut the hams in two to make certain that they are pure rubber all the way through. How carefully the workmen handle the hams! Juarez shows us what happens if they do not. He picks up a ham and throws it roughly down. It bounces and rolls about as though possessed, and gives us a lively chase and a good wetting. For we do not get hold of it till it finally bounces into the river!

Juarez has never been to school. He is not much interested in "book learning." He can write his name fairly well in Portuguese. His father has taught him how to do simple sums, so that he may be able to carry on the rubber business. The most of the time Juarez is free as the air. Sometimes his cousins from Para come out and they have good times together, but usually Juarez has to amuse himself. He is a skillful player on the guitar, and sits curled up in his hammock by the hour, playing sweet, weird music. Hammocks are about the only "chairs" used at the Braganzas. In them one feels quite safe from the numerous bugs, ants, and snakes that are continually wriggling about in unsuspected places.

A Little Maid of Old Quebec

LITTLE FANNY FLY-AWAY lives in Old Quebec. Of course that is not her real name. On the register in the big family Bible she is recorded as Frances Bell Lennox. But Uncle Louis insists on calling her Fanny Fly-away, and so Fanny Fly-away she is and has been ever since Christmas night four years ago. You see Fanny loved to skate, and so Uncle Louis gave her a pair of the most beautiful silver-trimmed skates for Christmas. Fanny was delighted with them, but no one thought she would venture down to the big river alone with them. However, that is just what she did. Mother and Aunt Kate were very busy ; Doctor Lennox had been called to see a very sick patient ; Uncle Louis was off up the river with a skating party. Perhaps Fanny thought she would meet him. Anyway she slipped away about four o'clock, and no one saw her go.

The river was deserted and Fanny was a bit dismayed at first, but the ice was fine and never

did new skates skim along more merrily. Fanny felt as light and happy as a bird, and away she flew. Nor did she pause for breath for ever so long. Then, with a little frightened cry, she turned about. Quebec was nowhere in sight, it was beginning to grow dark, and the snow was falling thick and fast. To make matters worse, Fanny suddenly realized that she was very tired. And mercy, how the wind was blowing! It was difficult to face it and keep her feet. Whatever had made her come so far, and what would father say? Tears dimmed the brown eyes, but Fanny was brave. She wrapped her scarf more firmly and plunged resolutely into the gale. Every moment the skating became more difficult. Presently she saw that she would have to take off her skates and get on as best she could on foot. She sat down wearily, leaning her head on her hand. How tired she was! Was that the stars, or could she really see the lights of the city away in the distance? Anyway, she must rest a moment.

The next thing Fanny knew she was on the couch in the living-room. Mother and Aunt Kate were chafing her cold hands and feet, Uncle Louis held her head, and father was trying to force a hot cordial down her throat.

"Well, Fanny Fly-away," said Uncle Louis huskily, "I think I'll confiscate those skates!"

"The skates were not to blame!" stammered Fanny, rousing at once to their defense. And so she kept the skates, and the name of Fanny Fly-away, too.

She and her cousins have the most delightful times in winter; skating, skimming here and yonder over the river in ice boats, horse racing on the ice, and what not. They laugh at storms which would paralyze us. No cold seems fierce enough to check their spirits. How could it? They are wrapped so snugly in the heavy furs, fashioned by Nature for the animals of the North.

Often they get up a snow-shoe party and go hiking across the white fields to Montmorenci Falls. Here the Montmorenci River leaps boldly over a precipice two hundred feet high, in its eagerness to join the St. Lawrence. In summer, the falls are a misty veil, light as the clouds above them. In winter, they are frozen, often in a single night, into a snow-white toboggan slide. What sport they furnish! Just imagine a breathless glide down the icy slope! People come out in crowds from Quebec nearly every day.

Uncle Louis is a member of the Tandem Club. He often takes Fanny Fly-away for a spin around the club tracks. What fun it is to go whirling along in the luxurious sleigh over the crisp, white thoroughfares! None of the horses are more swift than Dan, Kathleen, and Lady Bird. And Fanny Fly-away has a reckless fashion of whispering "Faster! faster!" in a little breathless way, which makes her uncle laugh delightedly and hug her close.

Fanny Fly-away has an old trapper friend, John LeClaire. And the tales he tells! They make one long for camping outfits and canoes. Think of moose four feet wide between the antlers! Of caribou, bear, lynx, sable, minx and beaver! To say nothing of trout and all kinds of wild fowl! Surely, parts of Canada, at least, are the ideal "Happy Hunting Grounds."

In summer, the Lenoxes go down the river to their country place, not far from Ste. Anne de Beaupre. This old town is known far and wide for the marvelous cures which have been made in a famous Catholic church here. And all because the stately old building shelters the finger-bone of Ste. Anne, the mother of the Blessed Virgin! All about are pyramids of crutches, canes, trusses,

and even eye-glasses, which invalids have left behind as silent thank offerings to good Ste. Anne for their recovery. Sometimes as many as sixty thousand pilgrims come here in a single summer to implore favors of the Saint.

Fanny Fly-away has no ills to cure. She gives the crowd a wide berth, and spends the most of her time in the homes of the French "habitants." Here these thrifty people are living exactly as did their French ancestors one hundred years ago. Rail fences enclose many a field, where the farmer plods slowly after his patient oxen from morning till night. At the house, his wife "he cooks de tea and pork," and with the help of the children tills the little garden, spins and weaves, and cares for the poultry. Such fun as the children have playing hide-and-seek in the cozy, thatched-roof barn, with its steep little stairway leading up under the eaves to the loft !

Often when their nimble fingers are busy husking the corn fodder, a crooked or blighted ear is found. "Wagemin," calls the merry finder, and immediately springs up to lead in the wildest antics. Some creep, some limp, and others hurry about bent almost double, in imitation of the stooping, weazened little man—the wicked corn

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thief, who, according to their Indian neighbors, must have visited the corn field and left this reminder of his visit.

Always there is time for a song or a story, at least when the doctor's daughter is at hand. And such tales as they spin! There is no end to the Indian legends, folk-lore, romantic history, and French Canadian superstitions. They never tire of tales concerning the adventures of Champlain, Cartier, and other early explorers, nor of the heroic deeds of Wolf, Levis, and the brave Montcalm. Fanny Fly-away tells impressively of picnicking on St. Helen's Island near the very spot where, after the fall of Quebec, General Levis burned his regimental flags in a great funeral pyre, that the Bourbon lilies might not suffer the dishonor of falling into the hands of the British. St. Helen's is named for Champlain's wife.

"You know," says our little maid, regretfully, "Quebec ought really to have been called Port Champlain, in honor of its founder, the brave Frenchman who explored all the territory hereabouts. But the old Indian name has clung to the city, and only two streets in the Lower Town bear the name of Champlain. No one seems to know his resting place, though it is certain his

bones lie somewhere beneath the city. The great bronze monument, not far from our home, was erected in his honor. Uncle Louis says that the city itself is a monument to Champlain, and that it will never cease to be associated with him so long as the St. Lawrence journeys toward the sea."

Boys and Girls in China

THE Chinese have some queer ideas about training their children. When the baby is three days old he has his first bath. Then they have prayers and sacrifices and the baby's wrists are tied with red cord. This is to prevent him from growing up mischievous and unruly. They have another day of festivity when the little one is a month old. The friends and relatives are invited, a great feast is spread, and after prayers and sacrifices the baby's head is shaved. When he is four months old they have another great day, and the child is placed upon a chair for the first time. They cover the chair with a kind of glue so that the child sticks to it. This is to teach him that he must be quiet and not to expect his nurse or his mother to hold him. There is no other festal day until the child is a year old. Then he is put in a large sieve in which has been placed several articles, such as a pencil, a book, a piece of money, etc. Then the eager friends all gather around him. "Now," says the grandmother,

"watch! Whatever object he takes up that shall he hold through life." Of course, the child eagerly snatches something. If it happens to be the pencil they cry, "He will write books!" or similarly for anything else. Then there is great rejoicing. The child is seated before an altar, upon which are lighted candles and images of the gods. The little fellow is made to bow low and raise his hands before the gods. As soon as he is old enough to understand, they begin to teach him lessons in manners and morals by means of short stories.

The Chinese are much afraid of the gods of wrath who go about seeking for children whose parents are very fond of them. They reason that if the gods hear of a child with an ugly name they will think that his parents do not care for him and pass him by, so the fonder a parent is of a child the worse name he finds for him. Among the favorites are, "Dirty Pig," "Worthless Dog," "Miserable Wretch," "Devil," etc.

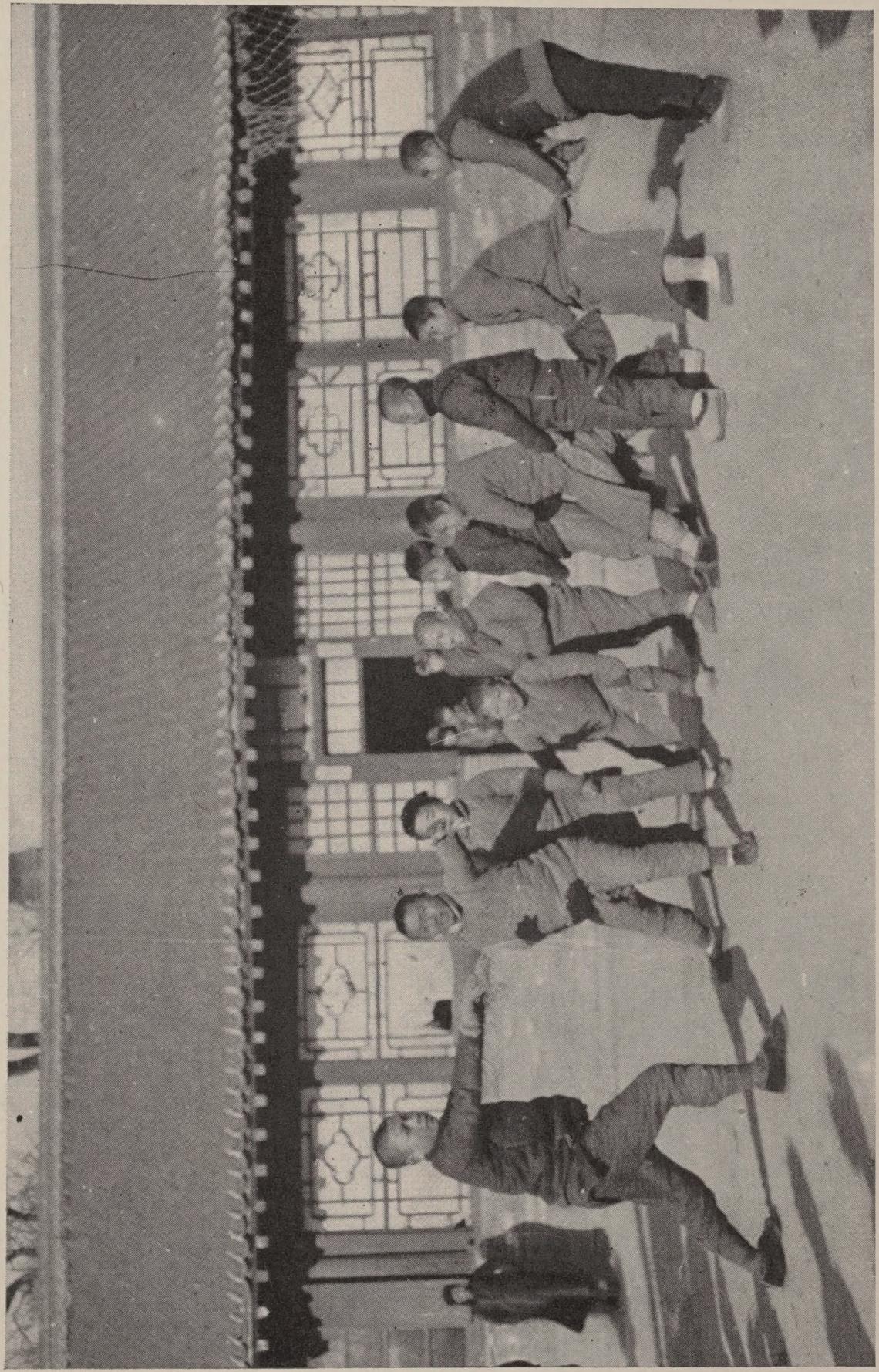
Girl babies are not considered of importance, and it is said that sometimes they used to be drowned. Let us hope that this cruel practice has ceased. Nowadays "extra" children are taken to the mission hospitals when they

are born and are given out to women in the country who are paid for taking care of them. When a Chinese baby dies, a piece of coarse matting is tied around its body and it is carried to a tower erected outside of most cities, which has little openings like windows, but no doors. The body is thrown through one of these openings and falls into the pit below the tower. If the little one is a girl the parents do not grieve very much about it. They think the baby would have lived had it not been possessed of evil spirits, and they try to forget it as soon as possible.

When the Chinese boy is six years old a fortune teller is consulted so that a lucky day may be chosen, and the lad is sent to school. This is an important day for the little Chinaman, and he looks very nice and clean that first morning in his bright new clothes, with his head newly shaven and his pigtail neatly plaited down his back. His father takes him by the hand and leads him to school. When he enters the school-room he marches up to the stern-looking master and makes him a present. He then goes to burn incense before a tablet which bears the revered name of Confucius.

CHINESE BOYS AT PLAY

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The Chinese language has no alphabet, but there are about two hundred root words or sounds, which, when put together, make the words. The words are all of one syllable, and are written in columns instead of across the page, as our words are written. After the child learns the Chinese characters he is set to memorizing the classic writings of Confucius and other learned men. The pupils do not all have books, so the master reads a few lines and the scholars repeat after him to get the pronunciation. Then they are sent to their seats to commit the words to memory. They are instructed to shout their lessons as they study them. In this way the master can tell if they are at work. Woe to the lad who forgets to shout, for the master keeps a heavy bamboo rod !

The Chinese think it is a waste of time and money to educate their girls. So they are kept at home and taught the "Four Virtues" and the "Three Obediences," or modesty and docility, careful speech, a submissive demeanor, proper employment and the degrees of dependence of a daughter upon her father, a wife upon her husband, and a mother upon her son. The Chinese girls are exhorted at all times to be good and

submissive. The Chinese think that if the women were educated they would not obey their husbands and fathers and very likely they are right.

The Chinese have some very queer customs. It seems to us that they do everything backwards. For instance, the Chinese compass points south instead of north. Books are read backwards, and the foot-notes are inserted at the top of the page. The spoken language of China is not written, and the written language is not spoken. The Chinese shake their own hands instead of the hands of those they greet. They dress in white at funerals, and in mourning at weddings; while old women serve as bridesmaids. They begin their dinner with dessert and end with soup and fish.

The more crowded parts of their cities are very dense indeed. The streets are narrow alleys with little huts of houses packed in close together. Usually the Chinese shopkeepers are fawningly polite as long as they think there is any hope of selling anything, but sometimes they will not show a single thing unless you promise to buy it. The Chinese are naturally a jealous, suspicious people. They have been taught this for centuries. Away back as far as anything

is known of them they were taught to build a great wall around their country to make it safe from other nations. Parts of this wall are still standing and the people have not forgotten what it was built for. For a long time the Chinese would not have anything to do with other nations, but now the country along the coast is quite free, and a great many white people live in Chinese cities. However, the Chinese still keep in their own parts of town, leaving the white people to themselves.

Here is the way a Chinese visitor to our land described Americans in his home paper: "They live months without eating a mouthful of rice; they eat bullocks and sheep in enormous quantities; they have to bathe frequently; they eat meat with knives and prongs; they never enjoy themselves by sitting quietly on their ancestors' graves, but jump around and kick balls as if paid to do it, and they have no dignity, for they may be found walking with women."

There are more people in China than there are in all Europe and North and South America together. There are so many people to feed and house that not an available inch of ground is wasted. The fields are full of laborers; the people

have crowded their houses as much as a thousand feet up the mountainside; even the rivers are filled with great rafts upon which the people live and raise their fowls and vegetables. The people have made a great many canals through their country. The great Imperial canal of China is 600 miles long. Farmers often have branch canals running to their farms, and the farm boat in China takes the place of the farm wagon in other countries.

The Chinese are not a progressive race. They boast of having the same fashions and customs that they had centuries ago. In the farming districts the natives work with very crude, awkward instruments, instead of taking advantage of the many machines that make farming easy now. They do not care; labor is cheap, and there is plenty of time, so they plod along patiently. They never even dream of improving their old tools. The following are some Chinese appliances:

A Chinese threshing machine—Some slats of wood upon which the grain is whipped.

A Chinese wagon—A man carrying two baskets which are suspended from the ends of a bamboo which rests upon his shoulder.

A Chinese flour mill—Two small millstones operated by hand.

A Chinese plow—Two pieces of wood and a triangular piece of iron. It makes a furrow about the width of the hand.

A Chinese tea roller—A man with a small log of wood.

The Chinese are idol worshipers, and foremost among their idolatrous rites is "Ancestral Worship." Every house has a tablet, a hideous looking thing, upon which is recorded the name, title, hour and day of birth, and the hour and day of death of each deceased member of the family. The Chinese claim a person has three souls. After death one of these goes to dwell in the tablet to watch over the family; another goes to the tomb and abides there, while the third goes to Hades for a short time and then reappears in some new living state. Besides the tablet each deceased member has a tiny image to represent him. On festival days, and the birthdays of the departed, these images are brought out and duly honored and worshiped. They cook food, burn incense, and have all manner of ceremonies performed at the dwelling house and at the family temple and the family tomb.

The family temples are often very large and expensive and contain the ancestral tablets. The family tombs are usually built in the side of a hill and are sometimes very beautiful. The Chinese believe that the spirit of the dead hovers over the grave for a time. They carry food to the grave, and when that is gone, as between the thieves and the birds it is sure to be, they quickly replace it by more so the spirit will not be hungry. Besides all this attention at the burial ground, it is customary to build a shrine in the home of the departed. This shrine is very sacred ; the priest comes and says prayers over it, food is always placed before it, and on festival days a fire is built before it, bells are rung, gongs beaten, and the priest blesses and consecrates the food.

Next to ancestral worship comes the worship of one's parents. It is considered a special mark of divine favor when there is a grandparent in the home, and they are worshiped accordingly. Chinese children are taught to be very dutiful and respectful. And the matter is not left entirely to the parent. The hand of the law is over the child. He must obey his parents or answer to the law. If a child is publicly known to be disobedient, he is taken before the magistrate, in

spite of any effort the parents may make to protect him. The mother may say, "My son did not feel well, or he was tired and worn out. Heretofore he has always obeyed." But all to no purpose. The boy has committed a crime against the state, for the law says very plainly that a child must venerate his parents. He must stand punishment. If he is young and his crime has not been very bad, he may get off with fifty blows on the back with a bamboo stick, or a short term in prison. If he is brought back a second or third time, a wooden collar is fastened about his neck.

A friend writes, "This collar is so large that the boy cannot reach his mouth with his hand. He cannot wash his face nor braid his hair. He cannot brush a fly from his face nor feed himself. Neither can he lie down. If he wants to sleep, he must sit with his head propped against something. As he cannot do this, he must get some one to do it for him. A boy with a wooden collar is a boy severely punished. If he has brothers and sisters, he may get along. They may bring him food and drink and help him while the weary hours away. Sometimes he must wear the collar for two months. . . . If the boy is poor, or has no one who pities him, he is in a sorry plight.

People, in general, do not care if the boy in the wooden collar does suffer. Every one knows his crime. He gets cuffs and kicks from every one; he tries to hide from sight as much as he can. Sometimes he has been unkind to his brothers and sisters, and they now remember it. He has made enemies of those who should be his friends. Now is the time when he learns that a good friend is the best thing in the world. Without friends he suffers keenly. . . . After the collar is removed, should he fall back into his old habits, he is soon brought before the judge again. This time he is imprisoned for a longer time; and unruly boys have even been put to death."

The Chinese are remarkably polite to each other. When two officials meet such a scene of bowing and scraping as ensues! The greeting takes such a long time that, if either of the officials is in a hurry, he passes by with an averted face and pretends not to see his friend. They think it better not to recognize each other at all than not to do it politely. When a guest takes leave of his host he passes out backwards, bowing and scraping, and does not turn his back until he reaches the street. The Chinaman uses very flattering words when speaking to another and

refers to himself in the most abject terms. For instance, one Chinaman inquires, "Where, most honored sir, may your most dutiful son be?" The other replies, "The dirty dog is trying to learn a few characters at school."

But for all his oil of manner the Chinaman never forgets an enemy. One of the favorite modes of revenge is for a man to commit suicide on his enemy's premises, because of the peculiar and great advantages his spirit then has for inflicting injury upon his enemy.

If an important member of a Chinaman's family is taken sick, he goes to the temple and prays and offers up sacrifices to the god which he believes to control the particular disease with which the sick one is afflicted. If the patient recovers, the god is praised ; if he dies, the Chinaman says, "It was the will of Heaven," and in no way loses his faith in the gods. If one after another of a family is afflicted, they consider it the work of a "destroying god." As soon as the sick one is able to be moved, a ceremony begging and bribing the "destroying god" is performed. An altar is built from the household furniture, and gods, candlesticks, and censers are placed upon it. Several priests are hired, and they march around

the altar, hour after hour, chanting songs and jingling bells. The ceremony lasts from one to three days, according to the wealth and willingness of the family.

The Chinese are very much afraid of smallpox and measles. If a storm comes up while either of these diseases is in progress, the people are greatly excited. They imagine that the thunder has a peculiar effect on the eruption, and as soon as the first peal is heard they ring bells, blow whistles, and make a deafening racket so the patient will not catch the sound of the thunder. If a Chinaman is suddenly stricken with a disease such as apoplexy or paralysis, the "malignant spirits" are to blame, and they try at once to appease the wrath of the gods. Three cups of wine, a platter containing five kinds of fruit, a censer, and a pair of candlesticks are placed on the table in the sick man's room. A quantity of mock money is burned and a priest engaged to help expel the demon. He walks up and down the room chanting and praying, and occasionally sprinkles the sick person and the table with water from a bowl which he has in his hand. Every few minutes he strikes the table with a stick which he carries. After a time the priest concludes the

ceremony by placing a paper charm above the door, another on the body of the patient, burns a third one to ashes, dissolves it in hot water and gives it to the patient to drink.

The Chinese have great difficulty in learning to speak English. "R" is hard for them and they frequently add "o," "e" or "ey" to the end of words. They recognize but two pronouns "he" and "my." "Hab," "belongey," and "can do" cover many words. "Side" means position; and they have the words topside, bottomside, inside, outside, etc. "Chop-chop" means fast, and "man-man" means slow. If a Chinaman wanted to say anything was of very large size, he would say, "He belongey too muchee big piecee."

This effort at our language is called "pigeon English." When the white people first began to trade with the Chinese they had great difficulty in understanding each other. But presently the Chinese began to coin certain words, which the tradesmen termed "business English." The Chinese soon heard their name for the jargon, and tried to say it, but the nearest they could manage was "pidgidn English." This the amused tradesmen turned into "pigeon English," and as such it has come to be known throughout the world.

66 BOYS AND GIRLS OF MANY LANDS

Here is the first verse of the poem "Excelsior," written in pigeon English:

That nightee him he come chop-chop,
One young man walkee; no man stop;
 Makee snow, makee ice,
He cally flag wit chop so nice,
 "Top-side Galah!"

(*English.*)

The shades of night were falling fast,
When through an Alpine village passed
A youth who bore mid snow and ice
A banner with the strange device,
 "Excelsior."

Juanita Maria San José

JUANITA MARIA SAN JOSÉ is a little dark-eyed girl living away to the south in "The Pearl of the Antilles." Do you know what land this is? Your geography will tell you that it is Cuba, the largest and richest island of the West Indies. It lies about two hundred miles south of Florida, and is shaped like a great cornucopia, or horn of plenty, and the last phrase just describes it. Indeed, it is such a fairyland of flowers and fruits, that the Spaniards, its first settlers, spoke of it as "the garden spot of the world."

The San José cottage, in the outskirts of Havana, is a perfect bower of jasmine and roses. Great masses of the flowers we love and cultivate at home seem to spring up everywhere. There are wonderful clumps of sweet peas, heliotropes and honeysuckle, and the mignonette is a tree twenty feet high. Birds of beautiful plumage flit gayly about, but few of them are song birds. There are scores of wild pigeons and parrots, humming-birds, crows, and vultures. The brown

pelican fishes along the shore, and there is a beautiful bird, with a blue head, scarlet breast, and green and white back. It is called the English lady-bird. Juanita Maria says that she loves the indigo bird the best of all. If you have ever seen and heard one of these sweet, untiring singers, you will know that she has good taste. Her brother Vincente has a young mocking-bird, which he guards jealously. He hopes to sell him some day for a big price. As high as \$500 has been realized for one of these beautiful songsters.

Juanita Maria and Vincente have to look after the chickens, the ponies, and the goats, and they make them quite welcome in the house at all times. Their mother does not seem to mind.

Perhaps you would like to go with the children to deliver milk. It is great fun. The goats are driven from house to house, and milked according to the wants of the customer. Think of it! Is it not a novel way of getting pure, fresh milk?

There are all kinds of berries, pineapples, plantain, and cocoanuts to gather. Plantain is a species of the banana. Cubans who cannot afford to buy baker's bread make a sort of bread from the plantain. Cocoanut milk is sweet and delicious and very healthful. Vincente knows how to

make dainty little dishes from the nut shells. He and Juanita Maria like to spread their bread with the rich preserve which their mother makes from the green fruit. Butter is seldom made in Cuba. It is too warm.

Juanita Maria does not have a nicely fitted room, with frilled curtains, dainty dressing table, and soft white bed, all for her very own, as many of you girls do. Her bed is a "shake down" of cocoanut leaves. She moves it about the living-room, in front of a door or a window, to suit the whim of the breeze. For there is no winter in this land, and always it is a problem to keep cool. The windows and doors reach from the ceiling to the floor. There are neither curtains nor glass in the windows. Iron bars and heavy wooden shutters take their place. There are no doors inside the houses.

In the homes of the well-to-do, curtains are used at the inner doors for privacy, and instead of knocking it is the custom to speak before passing a curtain. There are no carpets on the floors, which are usually made of tile or cement. Doors and windows open directly upon the sidewalk, for there are no front yards in Cuba. The wealthy Cuban builds his dooryard inside his house, or

rather his house is built in a square around his dooryard! This square is called the court or "patio" and is the sitting-room of the family. It is a beautiful place, with vines, trees, and plants. The floor is tiled, and in the center is a fountain which cools the air.

Juanita Maria's father is a carpenter. He tells us that there are twenty-six varieties of native palms, the finest mahogany, cedar, rosewood, ebony, and dye-woods growing on the island. His own cabin is built of palm wood, thatched with palm leaves, grass, and reeds, as are all the houses of the laboring class. The houses of the well-to-do are built of porous stone covered with stucco, the walls being sometimes two or three feet through, because of the earthquakes and hurricanes that often visit the country. And how gay everything is! Here is a house painted bright blue, with yellow trimmings; over there is a house of rose color, with green trimmings; and still farther is one of red and yellow. The Cuban loves bright colors, and he knows, too, that they absorb the sharp rays of sunshine; hence his reason for spreading them on everywhere. Were it not for the toning influence of these gay colors, the strain upon the eyes would be severe.

Juanita Maria and Vincente have good times in the grove of royal palm trees just back of their house. Vincente says it is much better than a patio. And truly it is the most beautiful of all playgrounds! The trees rise like tall spindles of polished marble to a height of sixty or seventy feet. They are crowned by clusters of huge plume-like leaves. The stems of these leaves look like thin boards, and the natives use them for thatch for their cottages.

Indeed, so useful is the palm, that the Cubans call it "the blessed tree." The leaf buds make a delicious vegetable dish. The blossoms furnish honey for the bees, and the seeds make good food for the hogs. The trunk is split into strips and used for siding, and for benches and tables. The hard part of the trunk makes good canes, and the roots are used for medicine.

There are a great many holidays and feast days in Cuba, more than one hundred in all. Juanita Maria likes the Patron Saint's Day best. A little girl, dressed as an image of the saint, is carried all about in a small cart all decorated with flowers and banners. Before her is a band of men on horseback dressed as Indians. Behind her come men clad as Moors. There is a band

and the people march all about the town. Finally a halt is made and the little girl stands up and recites some verses about the saint, then there is more music and every one has a royal good time with games and dancing.

A carnival lasting for several days is always held in Havana before Lent. The people come out in their carriages and crowd the streets throughout the afternoon. They are gayly dressed in fancy costumes with masks, and throw flowers, bits of paper, and sometimes tiny bags of flour at each other.

But the greatest fun of all, the children think, is the christening of a baby sister or brother. There was a christening in the San José family last month, and Juanita Maria tells about it with happy pride. The little one was called Therese Maria. (All girl babies in Cuba are named Maria in honor of the Virgin Mary.) Don Juan Vincente, the man for whom Juanita's brother was named, was the godfather. He is godfather to nearly all the children in the community, because he is quite the richest man among them and well liked. It is an honor which entails considerable expense; for he must provide the birthday dinner and entertainment for all the guests, and present

the father and mother and other near relatives of the little one with a gold or silver coin attached to a cord so that it may be worn as a "luck piece." However, it is a duty which his riches bring him, and he accepts it all good-naturedly.

Little Therese Maria was a perfect love, Juanita says, and did not cry or even make the leastest face through all the long ceremonies. But, of course, she was not allowed to go to the dinner, where fish, wild duck, candied sweet potatoes, eggplant, boiled cabbage, baker's bread, cocoanut wine and preserves, peanuts, and fruit of many kinds were served in great plenty. Nor did she attend the grand cock-fight, or take part in the delightful games, and the moonlight dance under the trees, which lasted till very late.

Vincente says he is going to turn farmer next season. He is tired of fishing, gathering oysters and clams, and snaring birds and fireflies, and he does not think he would like to work on the sugar and tobacco plantations, as his brothers do. He seems rather small for a farmer, but we know that all the children in Cuba are thoroughly trained to work, excepting those of the very rich who are taught that it is ill-bred. So we ask him gravely how he expects to do the plowing.

"Oh," he laughs, "that will be the easiest part of all! Uncle Christopher just scratches his ground with a big crooked limb. My pony can pull one easily. You see the ground is so very rich it does not need deep plowing. Vegetables and grains grow much more quickly here than they do in your country. I can raise several crops a year. There will be fresh green corn to cut for the pony and the cows all the year around, and such peanuts and sweet potatoes as I shall raise!"

Juanita Maria is coaxing to be allowed to go and keep house for Vincente. They have a little hut of palm wood all planned. It will have one large room, with a tiny "lean-to" for a kitchen—just as all the Cuban farmers have. And Juanita is quite certain that she can keep everything neat and tidy. "I will have lots of time," she says, "for so much of our food grows wild, there will be very little cooking to do."

Small as he is, Vincente has fashioned, in odd moments, some very creditable tables and benches for this dream cottage. They are of solid mahogany, hand-polished to the very last degree! There are also a number of plates, cups, and skewers with long handles, fashioned from cocoa-



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ONE OF UNCLE SAM'S SCHOOLS

nut shells. There are, too, some very queer candles. One like them is in use in his mother's cottage, and certainly it is a very novel light indeed. It is a large gourd pierced with many tiny holes, and filled with fireflies! Juanita Maria says that all the Cuban laborers have this sort of candle, and that she has earned many pennies catching fireflies for this purpose.

Juanita Maria and Vincente know very little about school. Indeed, it is only since Uncle Sam became interested in the Cubans that there has been any school for them to go to. Before this there were convent schools, to be sure, but these were for the children of the rich. Now there are more than 2,000 free schools. People are getting interested in education, and all sorts of innovations are being brought in with it.

"I am so glad," says Juanita Maria naïvely, "that my children will not need to grow as old as I was, without ever seeing a comb or a wash-cloth, or knowing that there is such a thing as school!"

She means to learn to read, and is greatly interested in a little book which some one has given her—"The Story of Columbus." She has heard from her grandmother all about how Columbus discovered Cuba, October 28, 1492, and

described it as "the most beautiful land eyes ever beheld—full of excellent ports and rivers, and excelling other countries as far as the day surpasses the night in brightness and splendor."

On Sunday morning Juanita and Vincente go with their parents to early mass in the great cathedral of Columbus. It is a beautiful building of brown stone, now almost black with age, and the inside is finished in mahogany. There is a handsome grand altar and several small altars, each one devoted to some saint. In this cathedral is the tomb of Columbus, a marble tablet some six or eight feet square with his bust upon it.

Many people come out to mass. The Cuban ladies are dressed in black, with black mantillas or lace scarfs on their heads. This is their street dress; at home they nearly always wear white. Each lady has a little servant with her, who carries a rug or a chair for his mistress and sometimes both. She kneels upon the rug to offer her prayers, and then sits for awhile in the chair to rest.

After the early morning hours, Sunday in Havana is not greatly different from other days of the week, unless perchance it is more noisy. The

stores are open. Here and there on the street corners boys and men are engaged in gambling and games of chance. Before the government put a stop to it, this was the favorite day for a bull-fight. Always there is a grand cock-fight in the park, with music and much merrymaking generally.

Peter Hebner of Holland

PETER HEBNER is a little Dutch boy. He lives in "the Land of Windmills," which is the land of Holland. It lies far across the Atlantic Ocean, in Europe. Your geographies name it the Netherlands. And such a great flat country as it is! Once the sea covered much of it, but the people built great dykes, or walls of earth, around the shallow places, and then pumped out the water with windmills. In rainy seasons the mills are kept very busy. They are also used to grind corn and beat hemp. They are all gayly colored and add a pretty note to the landscape. But some day these mills will be gone. For steam is beginning to do the work of the wind, and great brick buildings with tall chimneys are taking the place of the mills in many parts of the country.

Probably some of you have read the story Phœbe Cary tells of the brave little boy who stopped a leak in one of the dykes. You remember his mother sent him one evening to carry a plate of cakes across the dyke to the hut of an old

blind man. Little Peter did his errand quickly and was coming home more slowly, stopping now and then by the side of the dyke to gather flowers. He heard the sea roaring against the dyke and felt glad that the wall was good and strong for he knew that if the dyke should break the people near would all be drowned. All at once, through the noise of the waters, came a low, clear trickling sound that made his face pale with terror. He dropped his blossoms and hurried up the bank, where he found the water trickling through a hole in the dyke. Even as he watched, the hole grew larger and the water poured through in a stream. He gave a loud shout, kneeled down, and thrust his arm into the opening, thus forcing back the weight of the sea. No one was near. He shouted until his voice was gone, but no help came. He would not leave, for he felt that it was better for one little boy to lose his life than for many men, women, and children to be drowned. Early in the morning a search party found him in a faint beside the dyke with his arm still stopping the leak. They carried him home and for many days they were anxious about him, but God spared his life. Long years have passed since then, but when the sea roars like a flood the Hollanders

take their sons by the hand and tell them of brave little Peter whose courage saved the land.

Holland is also a land of canals. They run here and there in a regular network. Some of the larger ones are for boats and barges, some are to drain the land, and others take the place of fences. When these canals are frozen, men, women, and children go about on skates. The women skate to the villages with their market baskets on their heads, and their babies strapped on their backs with a shawl. The children skate to school and stack their skates and wooden shoes up outside. They are very careful not to carry dirt into the schoolroom, and sit about all day with only their thick woolen stockings on.

Peter Hebner lives on a dairy farm, and all about are other dairy farms scattered here and there between the canals. Let us take a peep at the cow stable. It is the most wonderful stable you ever saw! The floor is made of brick, and the walls are whitewashed. They have white curtains and pots of flowers in the windows. The floor is scrubbed every day, and the cows are washed and combed. Their sleek black and white coats shine like satin. And such fine butter and "pineapple" cheese as is made in the

spotless dairy! Holland, you know, is the home-land of the Holsteins. The aristocrats of this breed of cattle, the world over, count back their ancestors to the Fresian Holsteins, of Fresian County, Holland.

The trunks of the trees in the Hebners' door-yard are painted bright blue. There is one tree cut to look like a peacock. Another tree is shaped like a deer. Little mirrors are hung outside the windows in such a way that the people in the house can see what is going on around it. There is a stork's nest on the roof of the house. The Hollanders are very fond of the stork. They think the stork's nest on the roof brings good luck to their home and, therefore, treat them very kindly.

Would you like to go into the house? Very well. But you must first take off your shoes. Mrs. Hebner would never forgive you if you tracked dirt in on her handsome tiled floor that shines like a china plate. Such order, such spotless cleanliness! The old brass-trimmed furniture, that has been in the Hebner family for generations, shines so bright that you can see your face in it. But where are the beds? Do these people sleep on the floor as do the Mexican

and Japanese? No, just open that sliding door in yonder wall, and you will see them built one above another like a row of shelves.

Peter Hebner has a little sister named Katrina. She is a shy, solid, rosy-cheeked child with bright eyes, but she is dressed so queerly that we can scarcely keep from smiling. She looks like some little old woman, and well she may for she is dressed just like her mother. She wears a short blue skirt, a black waist with red sleeves, and a long embroidered apron. She has a wide band of gold around her head from which hang long golden earrings. We rather suspect that she ran and put on this ornament when she saw us coming. When she goes to church, she puts a beautiful lace veil over the gold band, and over the lace she wears a bonnet with a large bunch of flowers upon it. Some of the Holland women wear bonnets with great flapping wings like birds; others wear gold or silver helmets which cover the head.

When Katrina was born a pink silk ball covered with lace was hung at the front door, so that all the neighbors would know that there was a girl baby in the house. When Peter was born his father joyfully hung out a red silk ball. In

Holland babies are wrapped round and round with bands of cloth. They can hardly move their arms and legs. When they begin to learn to walk they have little cushions bound on their heads to save them from bumps.

Every year, in vacation, Katrina and Peter go to visit their Cousin Lottchen in the city of Amsterdam. They go on their Uncle Ben Moritz's canal boat. His family live on the boat so that the children have a fine time. The boat is painted in pretty colors, and the windows have white lace curtains tied with bright ribbons.

There is a large canal in the street where Lottchen lives. The children can look out of the window and see ships and steamers from all parts of the world. Some of these ships bring drugs, coffee, and spices from the large islands southeast of Asia, from the West Indies, and from South America. Some bring food products from the United States, and others bring diamonds from the mines of Africa to be cut and polished.

Two Little Girls of Egypt

MIRIAM and Bithia are two little girls living far away in the valley of the Nile in Egypt. Perhaps you have heard of the great Nile. It is the most wonderful river in all the world. The people of that region look upon it as their dearest friend, and in times gone by they worshiped it as the giver of all. They believed that it was a branch of some great heavenly river ; and that it descended from the clouds to bestow its waters upon their desolate soil.

For weeks and months, sometimes for a whole year, not a drop of rain falls in this strange country. But along in April, as the sun's heat extends farther and farther north, the rains begin in the high mountains away to the south. Water falls in torrents and soon all the little brooks and streams are up and off in great glee to join the Nile, carrying with them large quantities of silt and sediment. From a slow sleepy stream the river suddenly rises to a thing of might, sweeping over its banks and extending out over the sunken

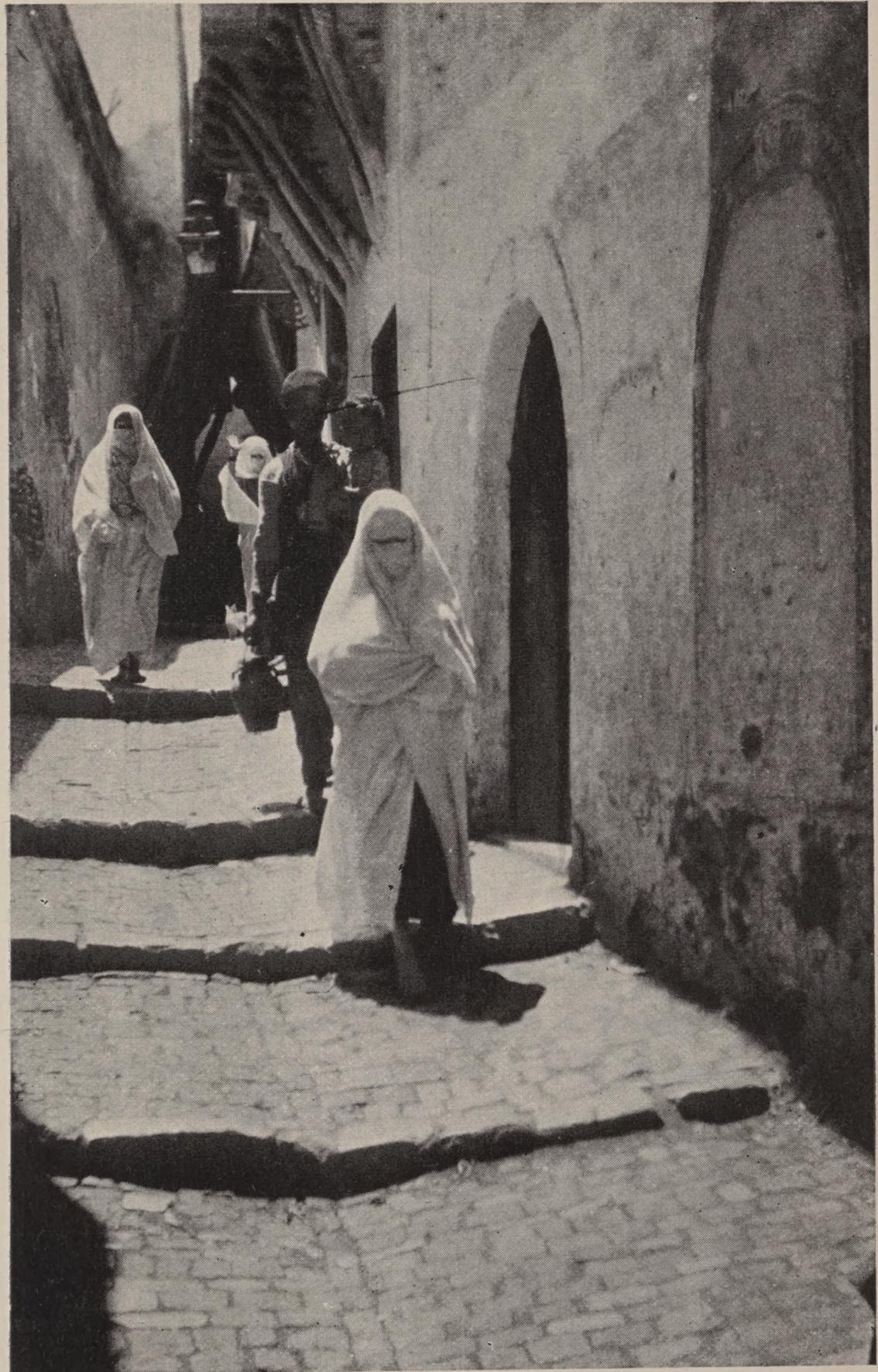
plains in every direction, sometimes to a depth of three or four feet. And the people watch it with glad hearts. For they know that when the river goes back to its own a rich layer of black soil will be left behind. The deeper the overflow is the richer the soil will be. For hundreds of years the Egyptians gathered from north, south, east, and west every spring at the beginning of the overflow to hold a festival to the god of the Nile. They marched in great processions, singing hymns, making offerings, and beseeching him to do his best for them.

But the father of our little friends knows better. He knows that the great Nile is formed by the junction of two rivers down at Khartoum, a city many miles to the south. He and little Miriam and Bithia measure the depth of the water each day, and plan over and over again what they will plant when the soil is ready. There must be corn, barley and beans, some leeks and onions, a little flax and sugar cane, and possibly some cotton and tobacco.

At last, in November, the planting time arrives. So, while we are getting ready for the cold and snows of winter, our little friends are busily helping their father scratch the rich earth with sharp-

ened sticks, or perhaps riding for ballast on his novel harrow—a heavy tree branch. Then the seed is sown broadcast from a bag of grain slung over the father's shoulder. And now comes the best time of all! The children drive the sheep back and forth over and over to tramp the grain into the earth so that it may sprout and grow. Soon the fields are a lovely green, and by the last of March the crop is ready to be gathered. The farmer cuts his grain with a scythe. Later it is threshed by spreading it out on a hard floor and driving the sheep and oxen over and over it until the grain is trodden out.

Miriam's and Bithia's home is an odd-looking mud hut under the palm trees. All about are the huts of their neighbors. But there are no streets, no schoolhouses, churches, or shops. Indeed it seems a rather forlorn place. But the girls like it. Every now and then the Arabian traders come. These are camel drivers from the Arabian desert just across the Red Sea to the east of Egypt. They carry goods to the merchants in Cairo and stop in Wadi Halfi to rest and trade with the villagers. The traders are big, fierce-looking fellows, very black and bold. Their only garment is a long strip of brown cotton cloth, thrown over



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A STREET IN AN EGYPTIAN CITY

the shoulder so as to leave the right arm free, and then wound about the waist and loins. The girls are more than half afraid of them, but they would not miss seeing the inside of the gay tents. It is a pleasure to examine their wares—the handsome dress goods of wondrous weave and color, the soft, silky muslins, the shining beads and trinkets, the rich perfumes—even though they can buy but little.

Sometimes Miriam and Bithia go with their father and mother for a peep into the bazaars at Cairo. They carry with them for sale wonderful little baskets filled with great clusters of lotus flower.¹ The ancient Egyptians held the lotus flower sacred because it grew on the banks of their beloved Nile—a further gift of their revered god who brought them all things good. They used it in the decoration of their temples. The flower was to them a symbol also of life and immortality.

The bazaars are the shopping streets of Cairo. They are very crooked and narrow, and roofed over with ragged matting. On each side of the street are little shops not much larger than a big store box. Sometimes there is a second story with an overhanging balcony. At one end of a

¹ A flower very similar to our water lily.

certain street all the shops sell red slippers, and nothing but red slippers. If you wish another color of slipper, you must find the section where that color is sold. Shoes are found in an entirely different quarter. You cannot buy silk and cotton cloth in the same shop. The silk shops are many, but they are near together. The same is true of the cotton shops. And such silk and such cotton! Colors that one has dreamed of but scarce imagined; weaves and patterns of the most wonderful design! All sorts of gold and silver and brass goods, precious stones, sweet perfumes, and what not are to be found in these dirty little shops where no sun ever shines. The passages are unpaved. There are fleas and donkeys at every turn, and yet in spite of all they are the most wonderful shops in the world. Miriam and Bithia never tire of them, nor would you.

As they journey into Cairo our friends get a good view of the great stone pyramids of Egypt, on the right bank of the Nile, not far from the city. These pyramids are reckoned first among the seven great wonders of the world. They are the tombs of ancient kings. The largest one, the pyramid of Gizeh, covers nearly four acres of ground. It is estimated that about four million

tons of hewn stone were used in its construction. How the poor slaves, working often with no tools but their bare hands, ever managed to tug and drag them into place is a miracle indeed! Hundreds, yes thousands, of them bled and died unnoticed in the useless effort.

In the green fields not far from Cairo stands a tall column or obelisk of rosy granite. It is the gravestone of the great ancient city of Heliopolis (He-li-op-o-lis), which lies buried here beneath the shifting sands. This city is the ancient city of On of the Scriptures, the home of the priest Potipherah whose daughter was married to Joseph. The beautiful obelisk probably marks one side of the doorway to a temple. There were always two of these long columns, one on either side of the door, chiseled and carved with the records and conquests of the king in whose reign the temple was built. In Central Park, New York City, is an obelisk of granite, called "Cleopatra's Needle," which once marked one side¹ of the Temple of the Sun in the old city of Heliopolis. It was presented to our country by the Egyptian government, and moved to its present position at

¹ The mate to this obelisk was presented to England. It was moved to London in 1878.

a cost of nearly one hundred thousand dollars. The obelisk weighs 1,470 tons. It was necessary to remove the shaft, pedestal and steps separately, and build them up again in their former position.

The earliest history of the world begins on the banks of the Nile; so it is not strange that Egypt should be a land of relics, superstition, and queer customs. Religion has always been closely interwoven with the every-day life of the people. They are fond of ceremonies and festivals. The children are carefully taught politeness and reverence for their elders. Miriam and Bithia have a dear old grandmother who never tires of telling tales of the days when the priests ruled, when the bull, the crocodile, and other animals were worshiped, and when the best part of life was spent in caring for the dead.

A sacred bull, called an Apis, was kept in the temple. He was consulted as an oracle, and his breath was said to confer great blessings upon the children brought before him. When an Apis died the whole country was plunged in mourning, and his funeral was often so great and costly as to ruin the officials who had him in charge. The funeral was followed by a period of feasting and

rejoicing, as soon as the priests could find a new Apis. They recognized him by certain marks on the animal's body, which showed that the god Osiris dwelt in him!

In some parts of the land, the people went to great lengths in their worship of the crocodile. A certain number of these animals were kept in the temple, where they were given elegant apartments, and treated to every luxury, at public expense. Imagine a crocodile fresh from a warm, richly perfumed bath, its head and neck glittering with jeweled earrings and necklace, and its feet with bracelets, wallowing on a costly carpet to receive the worship of human beings! The death of a crocodile was a public calamity. Its body, wrapped in the finest linen, was carried to the embalmers, followed by a sorrowing multitude, weeping, and beating their breasts in grief.

No one but the priests understood the art of embalming, and they guarded the secret carefully. In the case of the very wealthy so many ceremonies and so much preparation was needed that often it was many months before the body was ready for the tomb. It rested for seventy days in an embalming fluid. Then it was removed and carefully wrapped in yards and yards

of linen bandages. Each member received its own special wrapping, and prayers were made to the god presiding over that part of the body. Prayers and pictures of the gods were printed on the bandages. Rings were placed upon the fingers and bracelets upon the arms. Then the mummy was ready for the coffin. And such a coffin! It was a richly ornamented case shaped to fit the body, with the face of the deceased carved upon it. Sometimes, if the person was of wealth and importance, the mummy case was entirely overlaid with gold. Frequently a mummy was kept in the house for days and weeks before it was consigned to the tomb. Mornings and evenings members of the family went to the closet where it was kept to weep over it and embrace it and to offer sacrifices to the gods. Sometimes it was brought out to join in festivities given in its honor!

On the day of the funeral the mummy was borne upright on a sledge to the sacred lake outside the city. Here forty-two judges formed a circle about it and carefully inquired as to its past life and character. If all was found satisfactory, it was rowed across the lake and taken to the burial place. If, however, an evil life was proven, the

lake could not be crossed, and the distressed friends had to leave the body of their disgraced relative unburied, or carry it home and wait until the wrath of the gods could be appeased with gifts and sacrifices.

A stone tomb or mastaba was the final resting place for the mummy. It had two chambers: one for the body and one for the "Ka." The "Ka" was the soul. After leaving the body, it went to the other world and there was examined by the forty-two judges of Osiris. After remaining away for a time, the soul returned to the body in this chamber. If it failed to find its own body, it entered the body of some animal or insect. The cat, dog, ape, hawk, frog, asp, and beetle were the favorites. Hence these were considered sacred. If one died it was embalmed and buried with careful ceremonies. If the family cat died, all the household shaved their eyebrows. When the dog died they shaved their entire bodies. No one in Egypt, even to this day, would think of killing a cat. Time was when such an act, even if by accident, was punishable by death.

The Egyptians believed that the dead would need both food and money in the next world. So these were placed in the tomb. But after awhile

they decided that pictures of the articles would do as well. Thenceforward the inside of the chambers were plentifully decorated with carved plates of food, goblets of wine, and an abundance of gold and silver. In addition to this, little statuettes of the man's wife and children were made and placed in a narrow passageway alongside of the chamber. A tiny hole in the wall of the smaller chamber allowed the "Ka" to commune with his friends, when no one was around, and thus he was kept from being lonely! Many statuettes of servants in the chamber of the "Ka" waited upon the spirit of the body.

Those Egyptians who were too poor to have the bodies of their dead embalmed by the priests, simply cleansed and salted them and rolled them in coarse mummy cloth—a material resembling our tow sacking. Then they were dipped in liquid pitch, dried, and buried in the sand. Miriam and Bithia have often seen mummies of this sort. Quite frequently their father unearths them in his field. He uses them for fuel!

Many trading vessels sail up and down the Nile carrying goods of all sorts. The girls like to watch them and to speculate on where the ships are going and what they carry. They

think it would be great fun to make the trip themselves. They have never been on a boat. But they have ridden on "the noble ship of the desert." Do you know what this is? Bithia says it is not by any means the easiest way to travel. When a camel walks he lifts the forefoot and the hindfoot on the same side at the same time. This gives a jolting, seesaw motion that rattles your teeth. If you know how to use your "koorbash" (whip) so as to make the animal pace, it is a little smoother "sailing."

Our little friends play in the shade of the date palm and the sycamore fig. These are the principal trees of Egypt. The acacia or gum-arabic tree grows to a small size, and there is a shrub called the tamarisk. As we have seen, the winter months are the most delightful part of the year; later it is exceedingly hot, the ground becomes parched and dry, and in May a suffocating simoom begins to blow from the desert plains. At night there are usually heavy dews and the air is cool and refreshing. Egypt is not a very healthy land. Frequently the plague and the cholera sweep across it. Miriam and Bithia often have the most distressing boils. So, while there are yet many interesting things to learn about the

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valley of the Nile, we are glad to turn for the present from these little dark-haired, dark-skinned cousins, the daughters of the first nation in the history of the world.

Jack and Betty in England

JACK and Betty live in a delightful ivy-grown farmhouse on a large dairy farm. Swallows nest in the thatched roof, and Jack has put up bird houses here and there for the bluebirds and martins. There is a dear old-fashioned country garden, with a corner in it for the children's very own. Such quantities of sweet peas, white-nan- cies, larkspur and sweet-williams as Betty gathers ! She makes many pennies selling nosegays. Often, too, some one sends to her for lavender, thyme, or sweet marjoram. Jack's specialties are pansies, tall, pale evening primroses, and the most wonderful hollyhocks, six or seven feet high, in all shades and tints from yellow to the darkest ruby color. He has a vegetable garden, too, and many a basket of lettuce, peas, and cauli- flower goes to market from his corner.

When the young gardeners are tired, there is a most restful bench beneath a quaint old sun-dial. Here they love to sit and tell riddles and fairy tales and to go over again and again the wondrous

tales of Queen Mab and her fairy followers, Robin Hood and his merry band, and King Arthur and his noble knights. Sometimes, too, they talk in awed voices of the "Gytrash," a hideous animal in the form of horse, mule, or large dog, which in times gone by was said to haunt lonely roads to the disaster of straying travelers. Again they speak of the *loup garou*, a creature half-man, half-wolf, which used to feast upon children.

Jack and Betty have a dear little Shetland pony named Rab, and a pair of the proudest peacocks that ever sported trains. They are called Topaz and Sapphire, and are very tame. They follow the children all about, and had rather eat from their hands than to lower their proud heads to the ground. They do not fancy Nero, the collie, and they make Blacky Daw hustle into the nearest tree.

Jack and Betty are little golf fiends. They play tennis, too, fairly well, and Jack belongs to the Country Boys' Cricket Club. Indeed, he is a very important member. People speak of him as Captain Jack of Hawthorn Farm. Nearly all the farms in England are enclosed with hedges. Often the farms get their names from the kind of their hedge. You should see Hawthorn

Farm when its borders are a mass of pinkish-white bloom! Neighboring places are known as "Sweet Brier Farm," "Willow Farm," "Holly Farm," etc.

There are many ruined castles in the country round about. One of these is an ideal place for Jack and Betty and the children of the neighborhood to intrench themselves as followers of brave Launcelot, or of Richard the Lion-hearted. Its yellow-brown stone walls are surrounded by a deep, clear moat. The rickety drawbridge swings close to a fortified old gate tower. There are all sorts of secret chambers and passages, with crooked halls, hidden stairways, and ghostly dwellers in the shape of bats and rooks. Such sport as the children have here! It is just the place to spend a rainy day.

You would enjoy keeping Christmas week with Jack and Betty. There is always a house full of company, with Grandfather as Master of Ceremonies. He likes to keep up old customs, and at this season of the year his heart is as young as Jack's. On Christmas Eve the men bring in the yule log and bank it carefully in the great fireplace. Grandfather has on hand a brand from last year's yule log; he lights this

and carefully kindles the waiting mass. Then the family gathers about the ruddy blaze, telling stories and singing Christmas songs. As the fire dies down, the children pop corn and roast chestnuts and apples. The supper—or more properly speaking—the dinner table is decorated with holly and evergreens, and lighted with gorgeous Christmas candles. There are no end of good things to eat, the children's favorites being mince pie and a kind of porridge, made by boiling richly spiced wheat cakes in milk.

After dinner, the dining-room is cleared, an old fiddler comes in, and everybody joins light-heartedly in the old-fashioned dances. And Grandfather! No one more enjoys the spirit of the occasion. He somehow manages to forget his gout and gets through one or two sets, sometimes more. The party breaks up with heartfelt hand-shaking all around, a brand from the yule log is charred for next year's Christmas cheer, and soon every one is sound asleep. Jack and Betty have a fancy that the fairies hold high revel round the deserted hearth at midnight, but they have never dared steal in to see about it, for the stockings are hung there, and it is well understood that Santa Claus is no friend to pryers.

Christmas morning Jack and Betty and their little cousins awake the sleepers by singing Christmas carols in front of the chamber doors. Such laughing and scampering, such merry Christmas cheer! For the youthful singers try to get away without being discovered. There is always an hour or two of outdoor sports of some kind after breakfast, for the youngsters of the family, at least. Then everybody goes to the services in the little chapel just over the hill. How beautifully the house is decorated! But the children know just how lovely it is, for did they not spend all the previous morning carrying greens and potted plants and jumping here and yonder at the beck and call of the merry young women of the neighborhood, who were "on the program" to trim the chapel? Such exquisite carols and Christmas anthems! The children enjoy their share of these. Then comes the sermon, and soon every one is wishing everybody else a happy day, and the children are racing home helter skelter.

The Christmas dinner is served at the evening meal. Such a feast! There is one dish which never appears in any other land. It is peacock pie. Grandfather himself looks after the raising

of the birds for this dish, and it is a point of pride to have them the handsomest possible, for the tail feathers are used in its decoration. An imitation head of candied sweets marks the opposite end of the dish. In times gone by a real peacock's head was used for this purpose. The knights of old England dined on peacock pie before giving their oaths of chivalry, hence it came sometimes to be said that they swore "by cock and pie."

Another old time custom in which Grandfather delights is the Wassail Bowl. At the close of the dinner, a bowl of his own mixing is brought in—usually it is made up of ale, sugar, nutmeg, ginger, toast and roasted crabs. It has a rich brown color and a spicy, enticing smell. Grandfather lifts it to his lips and heartily wishes the company a merry Christmas week and a glad New Year. Then the bowl is passed down the table for the family to do likewise. Some make little speeches when the bowl comes to them, others sing short carols, or quote Christmas texts. The shy ones merely kiss the bowl and pass it on.

After dinner the room is cleared, as on the night before, but this time there are games instead of dancing. Shoe the wild mare, snap-dragon, and blind-man's-buff are the favorites,

with a trial now and then at a tub of bobbing apples, by way of diversion. The revel ends in a grand masquerade, for which the attic stores of bygone costumes are pressed into service. Jack and Grandfather are fond of appearing as boon companions, in powdered wigs, black velvet knee-breeches, gay waistcoats, and silken dinner jackets, with bright-colored stockings and slippers fastened with silver buckles.

Jack and Betty have gay times, too, at Hallowe'en. For in their land at this season, you know, witches and hobgoblins really walk abroad! Those who wish may question them as to the future, and whatever they promise will surely come to pass! But few are those brave enough to try the experiment. As a rule, bonfires are kindled everywhere, for red is a color particularly detested by the witches and they will not come near it. Nuts and apples figure in the merriment, and the occasion is sometimes spoken of as "Nutcracker's Night."

The children have cousins living at a certain dreamy old town in the Berkshires, where the people are fond of observing old customs. Jack and Betty like to go there for "Oak Apple Day." This occurs on May 29th, the anniversary of

Prince Charlie's escape from his enemies. Of course you know about the Bonnie Prince? You remember how he once took refuge in an oak tree and remained hidden securely in its thick, screening branches, while his enemies beat the woods all about to catch him. Early in the morning of the eventful day, the children are off in high glee to gather branches of oak and hawthorn. And such loads as they carry back to the village! Houses and shops are festooned with branches and garlands of green; long streamers of green are stretched across the streets here and there; flags, gilded oak-apples, and gay ribbons stream gayly in the breeze. How the youngsters work and laugh and shout! At noon there is a great May-pole dance on the green, with the effigy of the Bonnie Prince crowning the pole. In the morning every one wears sprigs of oak, in the afternoon they are decked with ash. If any one loses his badge of loyalty, or dares to appear without it, he is soundly pinched and otherwise ill-treated by the merrymakers. Such sport as it all is! At night every one is too tired for anything, and they rest contentedly about a great camp-fire, telling tales and singing merry songs.

Thorwald, the Eskimo

THORWALD and his sister Nanseen are Eskimo children. They live far away in the very northern part of frozen Greenland. They have but one name. It is all people need in that land. There are no churches, no schools, no doctors, lawyers, or merchants; no money, jewelry, or timepieces; not an axe, spade, or hammer; no knives, forks, or spoons; no bread, no cloth, no books; and indeed none of the thousand and one things we consider necessary. There is not enough wood to make even so small a thing as a match! Their clothes are made of fur, with fish-bone needles, and thread from the sinews of the reindeer.

Their house is built of snow. It is shaped very much like the half of an egg. It is about sixteen feet across, fur-lined all about, and carpeted with a double thickness of fur. The doorway is covered by a heavy fur curtain which was fastened in place by heating it thoroughly and then letting it freeze into the snow. Outside of the door is a

long narrow passageway, just about high enough for one of you children to stand in. Near the outer end is a sharp turn to keep the wind from blowing in.

The Eskimos very seldom have a fire, even when the weather gets to eighty or ninety below zero. You see they have nothing to burn but meat and moss, and this is food for themselves and the reindeers. There is a fireplace in the center of the house. The bottom is a large flat stone with other stones piled about the edge to keep the fire from getting into the room. The Eskimo eats his food raw, and as the fire does not give out much heat, its only real use is to give light and to make the house more cheerful. When there is no fire it is very dark in the room.

Thorwald and Nanseen have little chance to romp and play when it is so cold that they have to stay in the snow house. During the coldest weather they have to sit quietly with folded arms. They cannot even amuse themselves by telling stories and riddles as you would do. They have not much imagination, and even if they could think up things they would have few words in which to tell them. The Eskimo language is very brief. There are so many things of which



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ESKIMO MOTHER AND CHILD

they have never heard. If you were to talk about trees, flowers, and running streams, books or lessons, a painting, a piano, or music they would stare at you in wonder. Little Thorwald and Nanseen eat when they are hungry, sleep when they are sleepy, and get through the long hours in a very contented fashion.

The night and day is of equal length where they live. Each is six months long. Just think of living for six months without once seeing the sun! But it is not dark. For the moon and stars give their light and the beautiful Northern Lights are nearly always dancing and leaping about. The Eskimos really prefer the night to the day. For when the sun shines it glistens so brightly upon the snow that it makes them snow-blind. It is impossible to hunt and they dare not go far from their villages. They try to store up enough food in their ice caves to last them through the summer; just as we store away food to keep us through the winter.

An Eskimo writer tells us that "The great event in our family life is the dog-sleigh ride. When father told us we could go, we came as near dancing and clapping our hands for joy as Eskimo children ever do. But we did not have

a fine cutter with large horses and shining bells. Sometimes the sled would be made of a wide piece of bone from the jaws of a whale, one end of which turned up like a runner. But more frequently it would be either a skin of some animal laid flat on the ground, or a great frozen fish cut open at the back and turned right over. I never saw such a fish in this country or in Iceland, so I cannot tell what kind of a fish it was. Our sled was drawn by dogs of about the size of shepherd dogs. They have short, straight ears, and their noses are very sharp and pointed. They are very strong and have heavy coats of long hair, which often drag upon the snow. They are usually of a dark gray color. Our dogs were very useful to us in other ways than drawing our sleighs, for they were very good to hunt. They helped to kill the polar bear, and to find the seal and walrus."

Cosette and Louis of Brittany

COSETTE and Louis D'Orne live in Brittany. Perhaps you have never heard of this country. Brittany is a bleak peninsula, jutting out from the northwest corner of France, and washed on one side by the English Channel and on the other by the Bay of Biscay. The Bretons are a silent fisherfolk, who get their living almost entirely by the sea. Their "oyster farms" head the list of the odd and interesting farms of the world.

Brittany is called the "Land of Pardons." Why? Let us plan to go to Plougastel, a little village not far from Brest, in time for the Pardon of St. Johns, which is held every year on June 24th. We find the people gathered at the little church to do penance for their sins, and one look at their pure, honest faces tells us how earnest is the occasion. We wonder what sins they can have committed! Certainly, nothing very bad; their lives are so simple. Here comes a little maid. Perhaps she will tell us why her eyes are gem-

ming with tears and her lip trembles so pitifully; but no, she only shakes her head and buries her face in the voluminous ruffles of her wide cape collar. Perhaps she made away with the contents of the cooky jar! But do they *have* cookies in Brittany? Probably not. Perhaps—whisper it low—perhaps she may have *told a lie*—just a very little lie, you know, the kind grandmother forgivingly calls “a prevarication.” Anyway, whatever the sin, we are very sure that she is sorry!

Did you ever see quainter costumes? All the women, the little girls, and even the babies, wear charming white head-dresses, with long filmy streamers. Look at this Brittany belle! And that one and that one! Their costumes are as brilliant and full of contrast as a cloud of butterflies. All wear very full skirts and dainty silken aprons of lavender, cream, pink, or green, beautifully embroidered. Their bodices are of velvet, tight-fitting, and ablaze in front with the richest, heaviest embroidery—the work of old men. Many of the girls wear cape collars, like the one we noted, others have white collars reaching to the waist, bib-apron style. The men wear baggy grey or blue trousers, short jackets, embroidered

vests, and shovel beaver hats with two long black velvet ribbons dangling down the back.

The women of the neighboring towns of Pont l'Abbi and Quimper wear a most remarkable head-dress. It is made up of a tight brown straw cap, fitting closely over the crown and forehead, with odd black velvet earmuffs and bands, and long white streamers. Pont l'Abbi also has "an amusing side-show to its pardons." This is the marriage mart. Young women desiring husbands pose against the churchyard fence, and the "lovelorn swains" march up and down the line making their choice with sheepish gravity. A double ceremony in church and town hall follows. Then the newly-weds and their friends enjoy a dance in front of the cathedral, to the music of bagpipes! How they keep step to the villainous skirl is a mystery! But the French are born dancers. They join hands and circle about the bride and groom in an interesting ring-around-a-rosy fashion, with a pleasing, exceedingly lively step. When the dance is over, the merrymakers form in a procession, and the pipes lead off to the home of the bride. Here they have a second dance, and then all go in to partake of the wedding feast.

We find Cosette and Louis living in an unspeakably dirty one-room house, in company with a pet pig and the chickens. The floor is the ground, the roof is of thatch, and there is a huge fireplace, full of cranes and hooks and spits. The beds are the queerest we have yet seen. They are odd little closets, built above roomy chests where the precious costumes for fêtes and pardons are kept. Cosette shows us how she gets into hers. She climbs up on the chest and scrambles in at the opening. One great feather bed forms her mattress, another is her covers. When she is settled to her liking, she draws shut the sliding wooden doors. We wonder how she manages to sleep all night without suffocating! Surely such a bed is as unhygienic as possible, and yet look at Cosette. It would be difficult to find a sturdier, harder little girl. Perhaps her life by day makes up for it. She is out every moment in the open helping gather fish or seaweed, or perhaps "yoked" with Louis, she is doing her share in pulling the harrow, in order that the field may be smoothed for sowing. Few of the Brittany peasants keep horses. Their farms are too small and they cannot afford them.

Louis tells us that it is the custom in Brittany to

have the houses blessed quite often. Sometimes the devil possesses a house, and a powerful priest is summoned to drive him out. He shuts himself in an upper chamber, and wrestles with the evil one, until in an unwary moment a black animal, usually a dog, passes the window. Then the priest skillfully casts his stole down about the creature's neck, and in some mysterious fashion thrusts the devil upon it. The possessed animal is led to a forsaken quarry, or hollow. The priest walks around it in a wide circle, commanding, "Here shalt thou henceforth dwell." And the evil one slinks from the animal into the refuge provided, leaving all in peace!

One day as we are helping Cosette hunt for a much-prized handkerchief which she has lost, we hear her saying over and over again, "Oh, good St. Anthony, help me find it!" And then, "Help me find it, dear St. Anthony, and I will light two candles in your honor." We ask what she means, and find that St. Anthony presides in heaven in the interests of lost property. All who humbly petition him will be lucky in their search!

Louis has a great deal to say about his cousins who live far to the south, in the sandy marshes of Landes. Here the boy shepherds hustle about on

stilts, five feet or more in the air. How odd they must look! Louis says it is great sport, though he nearly broke his head learning to walk that way. The stilts are fastened to the leg just below the knee, the foot resting in a stirrup. Each one carries a staff as a sort of "balancer" and a prop when he wishes to rest. The boys stand in this fashion very comfortably for hours at a time, knitting, playing the fife, or just visiting. Louis says his Cousin Margot trudges off to market on stilts, with a basket of eggs on her arm, as sure-footedly as possible. Why not? She has used stilts all her life. The ground is so wet and marshy most of the time that it is impossible to walk with speed any other way.

Cosette does not like the Country of Stilts. She had far rather visit her friends in the foot-hills back of Cannes, "the Millionaire's Paradise," in southern France. Here the boys and girls are busy in the most delightful occupation imaginable—gathering roses, sometimes as many as a hundred and fifty tons in a single morning! Everywhere there are acres and acres of roses built up in terraces. These are called "perfumery farms." Wouldn't you like to visit one of them? Cosette is quite sure there is not a sweeter-smelling spot in all the world!

"You should visit our cousins, Estelle and Cecile D'Arthaud, in Normandy," says Louis. "They are not humble folks like us. They own quite a large farm, or orchard, I should say, of cider apples. The house is in the very center of the place. Such a charming little house! Its walls are built of a sticky, clayey soil, that dries rock-hard in the sun. The roof is a thatch of straw, all bound together in a mat of moss, flowers and trailing vines. There are climbing roses and vines over the porch and about the windows. A hedge of scented haws goes all around the farm. At the front is an endless procession of tree sentries, as far as one can see, pointing out the royal highway. And you never saw such a road! It is as hard and smooth as a floor. Not far away is the city of Rouen, where Joan of Arc was burned at the stake for a witch. Poor girl, when she had done so much for the Prince, too, helping him drive out the English, and winning his coronation at Rheims! You know the story, signora? There are reminders of the maid everywhere in Normandy.—'Tis a land far different from Brittany, and yet we Bretons love our own home best."

Two Little German Girls

IN a quaint old German town, not far from the Black Forest and the castled Rhine, is the home of our little friends Gretel and Freda Cronebach. You never saw such an odd house as theirs! It is a narrow, flat-chested, three-storied affair, fronting directly upon the pavement, with the upper story projecting out slightly from the others, like a bracketed shelf. Three rows of windows stretch across its face, one above another, save in the lower right hand corner, where there are two great paneled, richly-carved doors. Every inch of space not occupied by the windows is carved with elaborate figures—a mute testimony of the taste, humor, and enterprise of the burghers three centuries ago. At the base of the “shelf,” worked out in great letters along its entire length, is the motto: “God be praised for what we have and what we are.”

Inside, the house is beautifully clean. The floors are of parquet, with a few rugs here and there. The furniture is chosen with the idea of use and

comfort. The stoves are great structures of brick and porcelain, reaching from the floor nearly to the ceiling, and fashioned much the same as the fire-brick stoves of Russia. Grethel and Freda have rolls and a glass of milk for their "first breakfast." Their "second breakfast," at half-past ten, is a luncheon of sausage or egg sandwiches. Dinner is served at one o'clock. There is soup and several kinds of meat and vegetables, with no end of fruit preserves and odd combinations, which none but a German cook could make. At four o'clock coffee and cake are served. Supper comes about eight o'clock. There is cold meat, rye bread, fish salad, and milk, with tea or beer for the elders.

There are many things which Grethel and Freda and the town people all over Germany dare not do. What would you say, I wonder, if you could not play the piano before seven in the morning, nor after nine at night? Suppose you could not water your window garden, excepting between the hours of four and five in the morning? Suppose you never dared to take a bath at night; or to shout or whistle in the street? Suppose you could not ride in the cab or motor bus that you wished, but had to take the one the policeman chose? Suppose your mother had to

employ the policeman's aid to hire a maid; and that you had to have his permission, if the family wished to move?

Everywhere in Germany the finger of the law is felt. The whole country moves like a machine, and the police are seldom out of sight. If we were to visit Grethel and Freda in person, the police would call upon us at once, and we would have to furnish them with a statement as to who we are, what our business is, and when we intend to leave!

Not far away, at an important point on the Rhine, is one of the large fortifications for which Germany is famous. Everywhere there are soldiers, and ever since they can remember Grethel and Freda have been wakened in the morning by the bugle. They are used to military bands playing in and out of season, and to the many maneuvers and mock battles in which the infantry and cavalry are constantly being drilled.

Their brothers, Peter and Hendrick, are in the army. A small brother, Hubert, is a chimney sweep. If you were to meet him coming from work, you would probably mistake him for a negro. But the black comes off after much brisk scrubbing, and Hubert does not at all mind the



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GERMAN SCHOOL CHILDREN

soaping and scouring. He is a German. He comes to the supper table with his round face rosy and glowing, and his sand-colored hair wet and close-plastered to his head.

Louise and Gretchen, the two older sisters of our little friends, work in a great toy factory in a neighboring town. This factory is a regular fairyland! Floor above floor is filled with toys of every description. There are motor cars, ships, railroads, engines, and whole trains of cars, complete even to the Pullmans and the darky porters. One may see all sorts of mechanical and electrical inventions, from the latest graphophone triumph to the newest thing in wireless telegraphy. There are dollies of every sort and the most wonderful sets of housekeeping things. In short, almost everything that grown-ups use is found here in toy size. Grethel and Freda seize upon every chance to visit the place, coming home with eyes "round as saucers, and tongues loose at both ends!" Winter evenings the whole Cronebacht family do "piece work" for the factory. Usually the boys put doll furniture together; the girls do the painting and decorating and work on dolls "between times."

Such fun as Grethel and Freda and their little

friends have during the holidays! For weeks before Christmas the streets look like great fairs embowered in green. Toys and candies are sold from booths and wagons as well as in the shops. Children are everywhere, laughing and singing, and holding out their hands for pennies that are waiting to be dropped into them. Christmas Eve they indulge in all sorts of pranks. Mysterious "knockers" race here and there, rapping at all doors that are closed. Others play at a game they call "Weylubort." House doors are opened without ceremony and little wheels, all covered and spangled with gilt paper stars, are rolled suddenly in, and the roller endeavors to get away before he is discovered. At intervals the merry youngsters, here and there all over the land, beat drums to keep the wolves away! Nothing must interfere with Santa's journey.

Grethel and Freda make the decoration of the Cronebacht Christmas tree their special business. Such festoons of pop-corn, berries, and glittering tinsel as they fashion! Such stars and anchors, crosses and angels! Such hosts of little gingerbread figures! Such an array of glittering, many-colored candles! The last are mother's contribution. All the family smuggle in gifts,

little things of small value usually, but showing the heart and thought of the giver.

Just before getting into bed on Christmas Eve, Gretel and Freda put lighted candles in their windows, so that the little Christ Child and his mother may not lose their way in the snow. At midnight everywhere the bells begin to chime, and if there is an unlighted window in any German home, it is quickly glowing. Even the church windows are lighted. Christmas day the children trudge proudly about, eager to show their gifts to all who will look. Nor does the Christmas joy end with the day. All through the holiday week they have the most delightful times, and every night the tree is lighted, that its cheer and radiance may be spread.

In some parts of Germany, St. Nicholas is an angel in disguise. He goes about the town from house to house, clothed in rags, and bearing a pack on his back. He gives a loud knock at the door and asks, "Have the children been good?" If the answer is "Yes," he leaves fruit, candy and other gifts. If the answer is "No," he leaves a stick. In other parts of the country, just as the candles on the tree are beginning to flicker out, a loud rap is heard at the door. Some one flies

to open it, and a bundle is thrown into the room. It contains gifts for every one in the home, the servants as well as the family.

Easter, in the Cronebacht home, is welcomed almost as eagerly as Christmas, for the Easter hare is very generous in Germany. For weeks before the great event the shops are in readiness. Such hosts of eggs! Eggs of all sizes and colors; eggs of sugar and of chocolate; eggs of candy, all decorated with ribbons and pictures. Broken egg-shells, with fluffy little chicks peeping out. Egg-shell carriages drawn by goats and driven by baby rabbits; hare mothers rocking their little ones in egg-shell cradles; toy wheelbarrows filled with candy eggs and trundled by rabbits; rabbits keeping watch over great nests of eggs, and so on without number. On the street corners one may buy the most delicious candy eggs, chickens, and hares. Here, too, are no end of hard-boiled eggs, in every imaginable color and pattern.

What do the rabbit and the hare have to do with Easter? I am sure I do not know, but Gretel says that the hares lay the Easter eggs. She is very certain about it, so it must be true!

"Why," asks she, "haven't you heard about the good duchess who went with her two chil-

dren, long ago, to live in a part of Germany where no one had ever heard of chickens? The children grew so hungry for eggs that the mother sent her servant to town to bring out a coop full of hens.

"When the man returned, the simple country people followed him, surprised and delighted. They stroked the birds, and marveled at the eggs which the children brought them, and all the time the good duchess knew just how they longed to taste one. So she began straightway to save eggs, and on Easter Monday all the people were invited to her home. While the refreshments were being made ready, she sent the children to make nests of twigs and mosses and hide them in the bushes. Later, after they had eaten a wonderful lunch of eggs and little cakes, the youngsters went back to their nests. And what do you think they found?

"In each nest lay five beautiful eggs,—two red, two yellow, and one as blue as the sky. And the Easter hare had laid them! They were sure of it, because a hare jumped from one of the nests just as the children reached it."

Doubtless it all happened just as Grethel says! Anyway, since that distant Easter time, the chil-

dren in Germany have never failed to make nests for the Easter hare. And seldom have they been disappointed. Often, too, they find sugar eggs and dainty little egg-shaped boxes filled with candy in the nests. In many places, the children go from house to house singing Easter hymns and receiving gifts of candy and eggs.

A Visit to Hawaii

THE Hawaiian Islands became a part of Uncle Sam's domain in 1898. They lie thousands of miles away in the Pacific Ocean, near the Tropic of Cancer, and are about one-third of the distance from America to Asia. (See if you can find them on the map.) Being at one of the chief "cross roads of the sea," they are valuable not only as a coaling station but as a center of trade and commerce. There are about twenty-eight islands in all scattered from east to west over the ocean for hundreds of miles. Some of them are mere dots on the sea, seldom, if ever, visited by man, and valuable only for their deposits of fertilizer—the guano from thousands of sea birds which make them a roosting place. There are eight inhabited islands. These lie quite close together, covering a distance about as far as from Washington to Boston. Hawaii, the largest island, is nearly the size of the state of Connecticut.

The Hawaiian country is called "The Land of the Rainbow," because nearly every day there is

a little shower and a rainbow. And it is certainly a delightful country in which to live. There are said to be not more than eight days in a year without sunshine, and there are blooming plants, ripening fruit and grain the year around. The trade winds¹ and ocean currents regulate the temperature and the hottest days seldom go above eighty. The land is made up of high mountains seamed with valleys and gorges, some of which are more than a thousand feet deep.

Our little cousins here belong to the brown race—happy, dark-haired, dark-eyed people, with soft, musical voices. The women wear “Mother Hubbard” gowns of cool, light material. Men, women, and children go barefoot, with garlands of flowers about their necks and on their hats. But we see more white people than brown. For the Hawaiians were long ago converted to Christianity, and have always welcomed strangers to their shores, so that now there are five or six times as many foreigners, or the descendants of foreigners, as of the natives themselves.

The capital city, Honolulu, is called “The Para-

¹ The wind for a certain distance from the equator blows toward this hot belt throughout the year. These winds are called *Trade Winds*.



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AVENUE OF ROYAL PALMS, HONOLULU

dise of the Pacific." And well does it deserve its name, with its wide streets, velvety lawns aflame with tropical plants and hedged with beautiful flowers, all under the shade of the royal palms and cocoanut trees. There are fine houses, and parks with beautiful walks and drives. The business buildings and government structures are quite like our own. Indeed we are told that most of the stores are owned and run by Americans. This does not mean that the native Hawaiians are not capable and intelligent. Many of them belong to the learned professions, many more are so rich that trade is not a necessity. There are electric cars and the streets are lighted by electricity. All about floats the American flag, and we feel very much at home indeed.

Hawaiian boys and girls go to school just as you do, and study from the same text-books. There are no really poor people here. Those of little means live in small frame houses with basements. Up-stairs is a parlor and bedroom furnished with straw carpets, chairs, and tables, and a good bed. But these are kept for company. The Hawaiians sleep on mats on the floor. They cook their food out-of-doors, and live outside nearly all the time. The Hawaiian would rather fish and

swim than till his land, so he mostly rents it out to the thrifty Chinamen. The Hawaiian woman does not like to keep house, and often she sells flowers and keeps a Japanese or Chinese servant.

On every street corner is one of these flower women. Quite often there is a whole group of them, sitting upon mats, braiding garlands and wreaths of flowers. And such flowers! Beautiful lilies, carnations, tuberoses, orchids, oleanders, and the wonderful night-blooming cereus. The flower sellers do a good business. We scarcely meet a person that does not wear flowers in one way or another. Even the ponies and carriages are decorated.

It is a common sight to meet a little Hawaiian boy or girl all decorated with flowers and carrying a pig curled up in their arms. If you question them, they will tell you about the pet pony at home. Nearly every child has one. Jules Kilaue (Ki-lau-e), one of our little friends, has a pony named Brownie, after the little brown people who it is claimed were the ancestors of the Hawaiians. And, by the way, Jules can tell you some wonderful stories about these same brownies. All the little Hawaiian boys and girls can. They just love to tell stories!

And they are fond of walking about on stilts. Such antics as they cut! Running, dancing, and swinging about until we wonder that they do not break their necks. They play ball, too, but not on stilts, though their game is different from ours. They catch the balls on pointed sticks. And they can swim like fishes! Often they swim to school, carrying their clothes in one hand and paddling with the other. They love to ride on boards in the surf, and scream with delight as the waves toss them about as though they were riding a rocking-horse. The Hawaiian children are good musicians and sweet singers, and they all know how to dance.

The homes of most of the country boys and girls are curious-looking grass huts. There is but one room. Their mother cooks vegetables, meat and fish in an oven made by digging a hole in the ground and walling it with stones. An arch is built over the top, and a fire made inside. When the stones are red hot, the arch is torn down and the food, wrapped in banana or ti leaves, is laid in the bottom of the pit and carefully covered with green grass and a layer of earth. Then water is poured into a little hole which is left in the center and another covering

of grass and earth is added. As soon as the water reaches the hot stones, steam is formed and this cooks the food.

Hawaiian children, and their elders too, are very fond of poi. Indeed it is a part of every meal and as necessary to them as bread is to us, or as rice is to the Chinese and Japanese. Poi is a sort of paste or mush made from the taro, a root much like the sweet potato. It is usually served in little cocoanut bowls and eaten with the fingers. We are told that it takes considerable skill to do it politely. It looks simple enough. We watch the little Hawaiians deftly dipping in one or two fingers of the right hand and eating with enjoyment. But our first attempt is not very successful. Nor does it taste good to us, for poi, like olives, requires a trained taste. It is a combination not unlike potato, sweet potato, and turnip rolled into one and slightly soured. The taro baked in its natural state is quite agreeable; so, too, are a variety of foods cooked in cocoanut milk, the favorite being chicken, garnished with taro tops, which are somewhat like spinach. Cocoanut shells, koa bowls, and ti leaves serve the Hawaiians for dishes. The supply is renewed at each meal, so dish-washing has little terrors for our brown friends.

Everywhere are great fields of pineapples. How delicious the fruit looks! Rosy, yellow-tinged, and so full of juice that the dead ripe ones can be scooped with a spoon. Here on the left is a banana grove. Over yonder is a clump of orange trees, here are apple and pear trees, and a little farther on is a coffee plantation. Many boys and girls are at work here setting out tiny coffee plants. They grow very slowly, coming in full bearing when they are five years old. Coffee trees have shining green leaves and white blossoms, which load the air with perfume. The fruit is like a bright red cherry, save that, instead of a stone, there are one or two seeds surrounded by pulp. These seeds are the coffee beans. The ripe fruit is shaken down on mats and spread to dry in the sun, after which it is run through machines which shell out the beans. A strong vigorous tree will produce three or four pounds of beans, but the average yield is less than one pound per tree. Did you ever see any coffee beans before they were roasted?

The Hawaiian Islands have some of the best sugar lands in the world. How the children love the great juicy canes! They suck them just as you do stick candy. Cane is planted by cutting

green stalks into pieces of a joint or more each and laying them end to end in the furrows. In a short time young sprouts shoot up from each joint. Cane grows very rapidly, reaching a height of eight or ten feet. The boys and girls think it is great fun to help strip off the leaves when the cane is ready to be cut. They like to race to the end of the row. It is a lark, also, to ride to the mill on the great sweet-smelling loads. The stump of the cane stalk left in the ground will sprout and produce a good second crop, but for the third crop a new start must be planted.

There are many rice fields here and there, dotted with the busy Chinese and Japanese plodding along with their old-world machinery. Their "horse" is a curious-looking buffalo, which seems very slow, strong and willing. There are oleanders as big as trees and tall masses of begonias with large beautiful leaves. Tree ferns grow from twenty to thirty feet high, and the mango trees add wonderful bits of color, with their rich glossy foliage and golden fruit. Ginger plants ten to fifteen feet high, crowned with creamy, wax-like flowers, grace the edges of the streams. All about grow great clumps of bamboo, a giant grass from which the natives

make lovely hats, mats, and baskets. There are only a few birds. They wear sober coats and do not seem to sing. We are told there are no wild animals, excepting a few deer, goats, hogs and dogs.

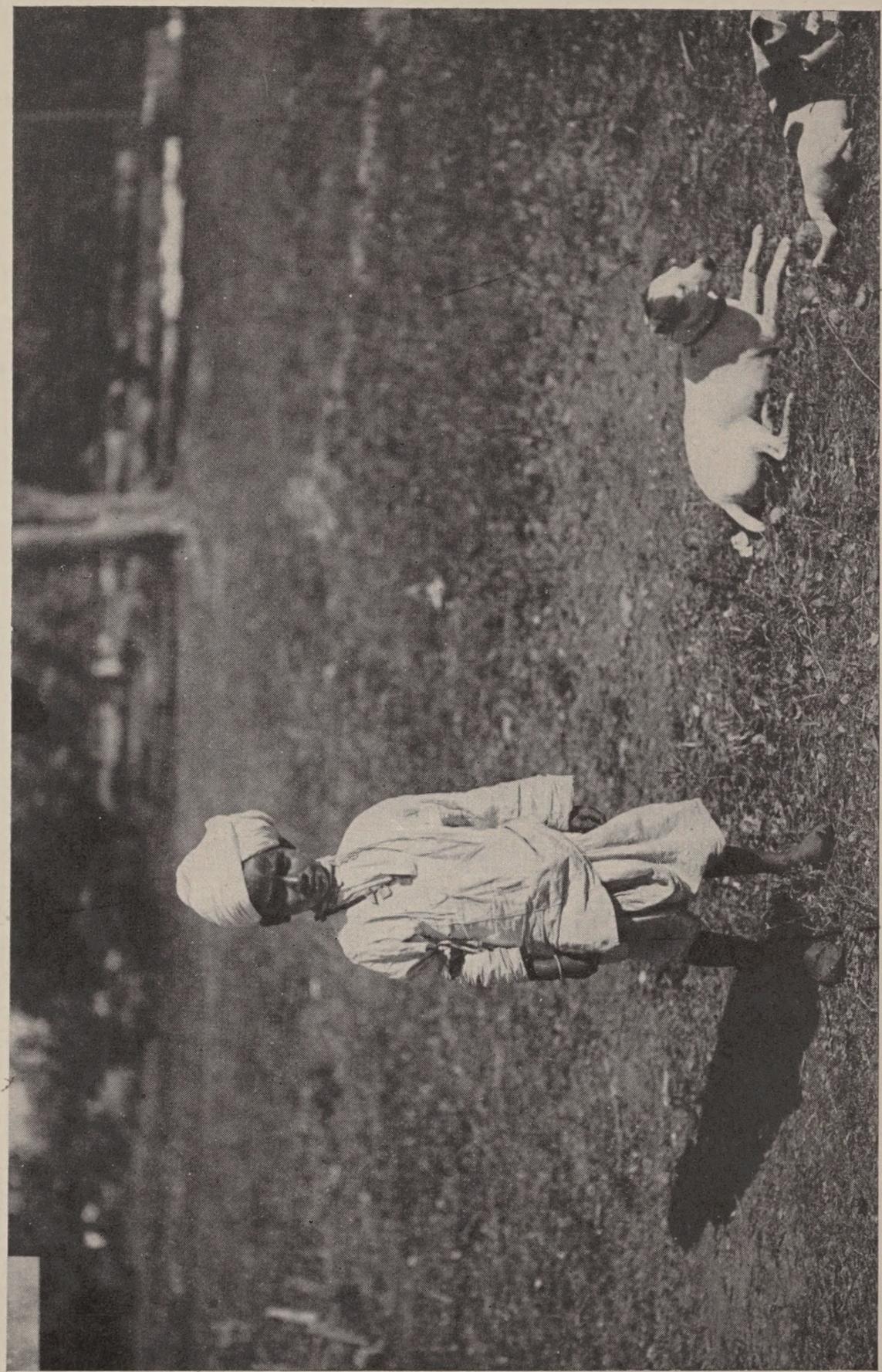
Kilauea, the greatest volcano in the world, is on the island of Hawaii. It has a terrible crater of melted lava eight miles in circumference, which the natives call "The House of Everlasting Burning." It was here, according to tradition, that Pele, the fire goddess, used to dwell. Whenever she "came down from her home" ruin followed in her steps, and it was customary to frequently make her offerings of fruit, pigs, and poultry. If she became particularly "angry," the king ordered a number of babies and children thrown into the crater to "quiet" her.

We are told that there is some "barking sand" on the island of Kauai. Did you ever hear of such a thing? When this strange sand is placed in a bag and tossed about, it makes a sound like the bark of a dog! Would it not be fine to have a bag of it?

Azim, the Hindoo Lad

LITTLE Azim lives in the "Land of Enchantment." Do you know what land that is? It is the land of India. And it well deserves the name. It is a land of myths, legends, and the most wonderful stories, and we meet them on every hand. The Hindoos worship gods and idols, and believe some very strange things.

Azim's home is in the odd little mountain town of Darjeerling. It is 7,000 feet higher than the city of Calcutta. All around it tower the giant Himalayas, some of them standing 20,000 feet higher. The market-place is full of interest for us. The shops are small booths, mostly built of mud, or just simply holes opening into a wall. Everything is spread out in full view, and the merchant squats on the floor beside his goods. Here comes a coolie, naked, save for a dirty turban and a wisp of cotton cloth round the loins. He is a street sprinkler. And such a funny watering pot as he has! It is a pig's skin, tied at the legs, and open at the neck, from which comes a



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HINDU BOY WITH DOG

stream of water. When the "pot" is empty, he fills it from a large bag, which he has thrown across the back of a bullock, that he leads along. A bullock is very much like one of our oxen, only it has a hump between its shoulders.

Yonder in an open space is a snake charmer squatting beside his cobras. He plays on an odd pipe, and puts his venomous pets through all sorts of tricks. Here is a conjurer or magician making a mango plant to spring up and put forth fruit from an apparently barren heap of dirt. Beyond is a group of coolies, squatting on the ground, with their chins on their knees, waiting to be hired. Here and there are the natives in their gay robes and turbans and caps of every hue, making the street one live note of color. Here, too, are people of every tongue and nation. The babble of their voices is as astonishing as the mingling of colors and costumes. The Thibetan women, from over the mountains, interest us most, because of their love for ornaments and their many "good luck" chains and amulets.

At one of the market stalls we buy a tiny "prayer wheel." It is a model of the large one used by the priests in the temple. Little Azim, who is our guide, tells us if we turn the wheel in

the right way, it will say prayers, but if we do not, we will get curses instead.

Then it is time for dinner. We have a number of odd dishes. There is a plate of fowl, which tastes like turkey, but Azim says it is wild peacock. There are mangoes, plantain, guava jelly, rice, and curry, and several other things, new to us. The dinner makes us feel sleepy, so we rest awhile, then sally forth again.

At the door of a house not far away, we see a man with a shaven head, sitting most solemnly. Azim nudges us and whispers that it is a Brahmin sitting in dharna. "What is dharna?" we ask.

"Some one has a quarrel with the owner of the house," says Azim. "He has hired this Brahmin to come and sit on the doorstep, without food or drink, until his enemy will relent and do him justice."

"And will he do this?" we inquire, surprised.

"Yes, indeed. It would never do to let the holy man starve to death; and he will not touch food until the wrong is righted. The sin would lie upon the head of the owner of the house forever, and his fate in the next world would be terrible."

We now become aware of a great blowing of trumpets and beating of drums and a hideous racket, generally.

"Come on!" cries Azim, excitedly. "It is a Hindoo funeral company!"

We hasten forward and are soon a part of the funeral procession. They go to one of "the burning ghats," outside the town. Here a piece of money is put into the mouth of the corpse, to pay his way to the other world, and the body is sprinkled with the "holy" Ganges water; the mourners gather near, and the barber comes forward to shave the head and face of the nearest male relative and to help him put on a new white robe. Then the corpse is thrown upon the lighted pyre. The ashes will later be gathered up and thrown into the river.

Azim's father is the barber; and Azim tells us that, when he is grown, he, too, will be a barber. Boys in India must always follow the trade of their father, whether they like it or not.

A LEGEND OF THE GELOORI

Do you know the little striped chipmunk which lives in our woods? He has a cousin in far-off India called the geloori.

It is said that the stripes came on the back of the geloori in a wonderful way. One day the great Siva saw one of these little chipmunks on the seashore. He was dipping his bushy tail into the sea, and shaking out the water on the shore. And oh, how fast he worked! Twenty times a minute, at least, the heavy brush dipped into the ocean, and the sand was wet all about.

In wonder, Siva said: "What are you doing, little foolish, gray geloori? Why do you tire yourself with such hard labor?"

The geloori answered: "I cannot stop, great Siva. The storm blew down the palm tree, where I built my nest. See! the tree has fallen seaward, and the nest lies in the water; my wife and pretty children are in it; I fear that it will float away. Therefore all day and all night I must dip the water from the sea. I hope soon to bail it dry. I must save my darlings even if I spoil my tail."

Siva stooped and with his great hand stroked the little squirrel. On the geloori's soft fur from his nose to the end of his tail, in the path of Siva's fingers, appeared four green stripes. They were marks of the great god's love and approval.

Then Siva raised his hand high in the air, and the water rolled back from the shore. Safe among

the rocks and seaweeds, the palm tree lay on dry land.

The little chipmunk hastened to it, with his tail high in the air. He found his wife and children dry and well in their nest of woven grass-blades. As they greeted him joyfully and began recounting the tale of their adventure, he noticed with delight that each smooth little back was striped with marks of Siva's fingers, in exact counterpart to his own.

This sign of love is still to be seen upon the backs of the chipmunks everywhere in India. That is the reason why the people reverence the geloori and never kill them.

Little Fox

NEVER was there a more interesting baby than Little Fox. His father was a great Indian chief, tall and heavily built, with sharp eyes and long black hair, gorgeously decorated with gay feathers. His mother pictured the babe grown up strong and fearless, like his father, cunning and shrewd as the animal whose name he bore. In imagination she heard just how admiringly the other braves would refer to him as *The Fox*, and most earnestly did she petition the Good Spirit to keep him from all harm, and to show her how to bring him up so that it might all come to pass.

Most carefully she fashioned a wondrous cradle of wood for her little papoose. It was soft with sweet grass from the meadows, and gay with dyed turkey quills, shell beads, and rattles. All day it hung, like a stout little pouch, from the bough of the tree nearest to where the mother worked. Sometimes it was beside the field where she grew beans, squash, corn, and melons; again it was near the camp-fire and the savory smell of



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INDIAN PAPOOSES

dinner; and sometimes, when the father was away hunting, fishing or fighting, it dipped and swayed from the low branches of the maple behind the wigwam, while the happy mother sat close at hand, singing a soft little cradle song, and embroidering moccasins, or fashioning odd little garments of skins for sister Mimi.

When the mother traveled about, the odd little cradle was strapped to her back. Wherever it was, Little Fox was well content. He soon learned that it did no good to cry.—A great chief must learn patience first of all.—The birds twittered around him and flitted close to his reaching hands, lulling him to sleep with their melodies; the squirrels chattered and played tag in and out among the branches; the balmy breezes softly kissed his dusky cheeks; and there was so much to wonder about in the bright, beautiful world that he scarcely had time for crying.

Sometimes sister Mimi came to play with him. But not often, for though she was but five years old, her little brown hands could do many things, and her twinkling feet saved mother many steps. She carried wood from the forest for the fire. She knew how to dip up water from the spring in the birch bark bucket. She helped to pound the

corn, which the mother made into cakes and baked, all wrapped in leaves, in the hot ashes. In sugar season, she watched the sap and helped empty the pails. She was useful, too, in helping to boil the sweet juice down into maple sugar. She knew how to boil corn in lye made from wood ashes, and to wash it in many waters, rubbing off the loosened skin with her chubby hands, till the delicious kernels of flaky hominy lay bare. At planting time, when the leaves of the white oak were the size of a mouse's ear, she helped scratch the ground with a sharp clam shell, and dropped the seeds, with a fish buried in each hill for fertilizer. When the harvest was ready, she helped hide some of the corn away in secret places dug in the earth, that they might be sure of seed the next season. She watched her mother dress the skins and cook the meat and fish which her father brought home, and sometimes she helped with this, too.

Little Fox did not often see the inside of the wigwam, but he was quite familiar with the outside of it. I wonder if you ever saw a really true one? Nowadays the few Indians that are left live in wigwams made of canvas. The wigwam which sheltered Little Fox's people was made of skins

and sheets of bark stretched tightly over long poles, after the fashion of wigwams before the white men overran the country and killed off the big game. The floor was of earth and was never swept. Instead of house cleaning, the family moved three times a year: in winter to the shelter of the forests, in spring to open places where crops could be grown, and in the autumn to the hunting grounds.

Inside the wigwam, where Little Fox was carried on rainy days to feast his eyes on the strings of yellow squash, and the rows of red, white and blue corn, there was no furniture. A few mats, woven of coarse grass, spread down here and there, served as chairs. The beds were nothing but skins piled on the ground. A few ugly, misshapen wooden or earthen jars and stout baskets woven from bark stood here and there. They held the supplies of ground corn, hominy, maple sugar, dried fish and berries, nuts, and tobacco. On the wall were curious pictures embroidered with beads and colored porcupine quills, deer heads, eagle claws, and fish nets woven from dried grasses.

A truly delightful place it was to Little Fox, and his busy brown hands worked havoc there as

soon as he could toddle about on his unsteady legs. He tangled the fish net material ; broke a cherished gourd cup ; chipped some of the earth-ware which had taken so much time and patience to make ; carried off a bundle of arrows, one by one ; and lost his father's favorite pipe. Was he whipped for the mischief? No, indeed. He was to be a great warrior some day, and must never know fear. The mother just called him "a bad papoose," and carried him off to play with Mimi and the neighboring children of the tribe. For the Indians, you know, always lived sociably together in clans or bands.

Such times as Little Fox had when his short, weak legs grew sturdy and strong! In and out here and there all over the village with his comrades, playing leap frog, wolf, and crooked path. The latter was great sport. "Each grasped with his right hand the belt cord of the one in front of him. Then off they moved in a slow trot, singing as they went. They trudged in and out among the trees, through the puddles of water, and around the wigwams. If some old woman was pounding her corn, the stumbling line hurried past her in a circle. Each left hand seized some corn until the squaw was out of patience. But

when she ran to catch them, they were off to the woods like squirrels.”¹

In the dusk of evening, in starlight and moonlight, and beside the camp-fire, the old grandmothers held the little listeners breathless with the most wonderful stories of Nature. They learned of the sun, the most powerful spirit of the heavens, which controlled day and night, put out the stars, drove away the cold, made fertile the fields, and, in short, worked always as the red man’s guardian angel; of the forces in the winds, the clouds, the stars, and the moon; and the spirits which lurked in plants and animals. Like the little Hiawatha they

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky the rainbow;
Whispered, “What is that, Nokomis?”
And the good Nokomis answered:
“ ‘Tis the heaven of flowers you see there,
All the wild flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us.”

Winter was brought about by the Cold-Maker, the dreaded North Wind, who dwelt among ice-bergs and everlasting snow-drifts in the far North.

¹ Burton’s “Story of the Indians of New England.”

He painted all the leaves with scarlet, red, and yellow in the autumn ; he froze the ponds, lakes, and rivers, and drove the birds to the southward ; he scurried about hither and thither, with his hair all snow-besprinkled and streaming behind him like a river, heaping snow-drifts all about, flapping the lodge curtains, and whistling down the smoke flues. The people were always happy when the warm South Wind, the Summer-Maker, came and wrestled with him and drove him away to the North land, to the kingdom of the White Rabbit.

The wild West Wind was the great Father of the Winds of Heaven, and many were the mad pranks he played and the stories told about him. The most beautiful legend of the winds was that concerning Wabun, the East Wind, he whose silver arrows chased the dark o'er hill and valley and brought in the morning. It seemed that Wabun grew tired of dwelling alone in the eastern heavens, and, though the birds sang gayly to him, the flowers saluted him with sweet odors, and the forests and rivers shouted at his coming, none cheered him ; his heart grew heavy within him and he was sad indeed. Then, one morning, as he rustled earthward intent on his daily task,

his eyes fell upon a most lovely maiden gathering flags and rushes by the riverside. She seemed sad and lonely and gave him a sweet smile of welcome. Wabun was delighted and his heart went out toward her with love and longing. The next morning he rose earlier and hurried about his work, for he hoped to see the beautiful maid again. Sure enough she was waiting for him, and he smiled his sunniest smile straight into her trusting eyes of blue. Each morning Wabun wooed her with sunny glances and whispers of sweetest music, and then at last he caught her to his crimson bosom and bore her away to the heavens, where he placed her on his throne, the beautiful Star of the Morning.

As soon as Little Fox grew old enough to manage a tiny bow and arrow, his father took him in hand and taught him to shoot. A little later he was shown how to make his own bow and arrows and how to build a canoe of birch bark. He learned to paddle swiftly and silently up and down the streams, to swim like a fish, dive like a beaver, climb like a bear, and run like a deer. Often he played he was a fierce animal hid away in a hollow tree, and many a search his mother and Mimi had to find the truant.

As he lived close to Nature, tramping about in forest and plain, Little Fox was unconsciously attending the Indian's school. He

Learned of every bird its language ;
Learned their names and all their secrets ;
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter ;
Talked with them where'er he met them,
Called them " Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all the beasts he learned their language ;
Learned their names and all their secrets ;
How the beavers built their lodges ;
Where the squirrels hid their acorns ;
How the reindeer ran so swiftly ;
Why the rabbit was so timid ;
Talked with them where'er he met them,
Called them " Hiawatha's Brothers."

Besides his lessons in Nature lore, and the stunts of endurance, bravery, and skill set him by his father, Little Fox had occasional earnest talks with his mother, which more than all else perhaps aided him to grow up strong and sensible.

" My son," she would say wisely, " because your father is a great chief, you must not think you will be a great chief also, as a matter of course. Chiefs are made not born. The eyes of the other braves are upon you. When your father passes to the

Happy Hunting Grounds, a new chief will be chosen. You will be the first to be considered. If you have always been brave and true, if you have a knowledge of men and are shrewd, wary, strong, and cunning; in short, if you are the best man in the tribe to be the new leader, you will be named chief, and not otherwise.

"See, therefore, my son, that you cultivate all these things. It is not enough to do as well as the other boys; you must do better, if you would preserve the honor of our race. Be true, self-reliant and faithful, untiring in the hunt and on the war path. Study the tactics and stratagem of your namesake, the fox. Never turn traitor. Rather be killed on the battle-field than desert your friends. So live always, my boy, that your relatives may be proud of your kinship, and that you may finally join the noble warriors of our people, who have gone before you to the Happy Hunting Grounds."

Beppo and Batiste

BEPRO and Batiste live in a land of blooming flowers, pure gold sunshine, and bright blue skies. It is the land of Italy. Their home is a snug two room cottage, high up the mountainside. It is almost covered with vines and crimson blossoms, and there are masses of roses, oleanders and sweet white lilies in the garden.

The little boys have great fun. They have a pet goat named Belotti. They drive her all about—that is, when she will go. Sometimes she just sticks her head down between her knees and will not budge an inch ! Then the boys scamper away to feed their pigeons, or to get an orange from the garden, and leave her to get back her good nature as she pleases.

Last week when their father was away up the mountain he found a little chamois with a broken leg. He brought it home to the children. They got Father Felician to set the bone, and when it heals they are going to train the little creature to do all sorts of things. Then if stubborn old Belotti



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BEPPO AND BATISTE

does not take care, she will find herself turned out to grass with her kin !

Many large chestnut trees grow in the lot beyond the garden. In September, the prickly burrs open and the brown nuts drop out. The boys' father hires children to help pick them up. Each picker has a canvas bag tied around his waist in which to put the chestnuts. They stay about a month and get two bags of chestnut flour for their work. Beppo and Batiste have boiled chestnuts for their dinner every day. Their mother makes cake and bread from the chestnut flour. They are all very fond of olive oil and macaroni. There are several olive, orange, lemon and fig trees in their garden, and they have some fine vineyards. Papa Philipe makes many casks of wine from the grapes.

The vineyard is a beautiful place. The Italians do not stake their grape-vines up in long rows as we do. Instead the vines are allowed to train themselves over trees, and often run from one tree to another, making a vast vine-covered portico. The grapes grow in great tempting clusters, sweet and delicious. When ripe, they are picked and placed in a great vat. Then the boys roll their pants up high and jump in and tramp the juice

out. There is a hole in the bottom of the vat to which is fastened a wooden faucet. The wine is drained off through this into a wooden vessel called a panier. The boys' mother keeps watch of the paniers and whenever one is filled she carries it away to the cellar and empties it into a big tank, where they let it stand to ferment.

Some of the games which the children play are very amusing. I am sure you would enjoy one which they have in the middle of Lent. They call it the "Thursday Fat," or "Burning the Old Woman," and the whole neighborhood takes part. At each home they make up a "dummy woman," sometimes an old man, too, dressing them up in the most ridiculous fashion, and hiding firecrackers and all sorts of fireworks in their clothes. They are on exhibition all day, and the children have a merry time going from house to house to see the dummies and to give suggestions regarding their make-up. Early in the evening they gather at a certain home and make the rounds of the neighborhood, watching the dummies burn. Somebody sets fire to the old girl's skirt; first is a little flame, then a firecracker explodes, now her hand that holds a paper handkerchief goes off with a bang, pretty soon one of

her legs begins to tremble, and as they watch, it flies off with a kick, and now from her other hand a grand succession of fireworks shoots up from her parasol, and she drops, to expire in smoulders, while the children rush on to the next old woman.

Beppo and Batiste do not live very far from the beautiful city of Florence, which is famed for its great art galleries. The way thither is like fairy-land. Beautiful lilies, oleanders, and magnolias bloom by the roadside and all the air is heavy with their perfume. Silvery poplars, or "white trees," as they are called in Italy, and tall cypress trees cast their long shadows across the roadway, and every now and then through their rich foliage we catch the gleam of the beautiful river Arno. On the distant hill, we see the gleaming white walls of a monastery, and at a turn in the road we come upon an old gloomy tower, half hidden by vines and cypress trees.

Noto San of Japan

LITTLE Noto San is a Japanese girl. Her home is only one room, but it is beautifully neat and clean. If you are going to step inside, you must take off your shoes. The Japanese always leave their sandals at the door and slip on a pair of white stockings, which look for all the world like mittens, as there is a little pocket for the great toe.

Noto San never has to dust her furniture, for there is no furniture to dust. The family all sit upon the floor. At meal time, each one has a tiny table, about six inches high, placed before them. There are no knives, forks, or spoons, only a pair of chopsticks. The food is served in little bowls. For breakfast, Noto San had rice, minced fish, and tea. Her mother tells us that she has had rice and tea every meal since she was a tiny baby, and she will probably keep on having them each meal as long as she lives. How some little people I know would turn up their noses if they had rice and tea each meal forever and ever! Japanese people do not have

stoves. They have small metal-lined fireboxes, which are highly decorated on the outside. They burn charcoal.

When bedtime comes Noto San's mother opens a big cupboard and takes out a pile of soft quilts and some little blocks of wood. With the aid of some paper screens, she quickly partitions off little bedrooms for the family. In each is placed a pile of quilts and one of the wooden blocks. The block is for a pillow! You would not like it, I am sure. But you would if you were a Japanese lady. They have long black hair and they dress it wondrously. Sometimes it takes hours and hours. By resting their necks over these wooden pillows, they are able to make one hair dressing last for several days.

Noto San's dress is a long, beautifully embroidered kimono. The sleeves are big and wide. They are just the finest place imaginable in which to tuck playthings!

If you were to ask Noto San what day of all the year she loved best, she would answer the third day of the third month. This is the day of the festival of the dolls. And such a happy time as it is! There are dolls, dolls, everywhere. The shop windows are perfectly gorgeous with the

most wonderfully dressed dolls; dolls that walk, dolls that talk, dolls that cry. Noto San's heart is made glad by one of the loveliest of these. She already has more than a hundred dolls. Some of these belonged to her mother, some to her grandmother, and some to her great-grandmother. And there is a whole trunkful of perfectly lovely clothes! So you may well guess what a happy time she has, and then, too, her little friends come to see her dolls and she goes to see theirs, and they have all sorts of goodies to eat with their tea. Afterwards there is a jolly romp on the common.

Noto San's brother likes best the fifth day of the fifth month. This is called the festival of banners. On that day over each home that has the honor of having a son is raised a tall bamboo pole, from the top of which swings a great gayly-colored fish. The boys march through the streets bearing banners, and they have all sorts of games which teach them bravery, courage, and love of country.

Another day which the children love is that of the cherry festival. Then the shops are closed, school is let out, and every one goes into the groves and enjoys the blossoms for a whole day.



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BOYS' KITE FESTIVAL

In November there is another flower day. It is the festival of the chrysanthemums—the national flower of Japan. Sometimes there are more than two hundred varieties of these gorgeous blossoms on show.

On these days, and every day, for that matter, are all sorts of peddlers with goodies for sale. There are candied beans, sugared peas, starch patties, sweet rice cakes covered with vinegar, fish, cooling drinks, etc. Here is an old woman with griddle cakes. For a few "sens" a little girl can have the machine all to herself and bake a batch of cakes.

Japan is the most delightful country in all the world for children. There are people who make a living by just going about entertaining the little folks. Here is an old man with a hurdy gurdy, yonder is a queer little hunchback with some cute trained monkeys, dressed in gay kimonos, and here is a woman who goes about telling fairy stories. Let us stop with Noto San and listen to one of the tales she tells.

A LEGEND OF THE CHRYSANTHEMUM

There was once a poor Japanese laborer who had much ado to wrest a living from the soil. At

last he fell ill and died, leaving his wife and three little daughters to struggle on alone.

It was hard work. Presently a day came when there was nothing in the house to eat but a few dry rice cakes. The children went to bed hungry that night. They were very brave and the mother heard no complaint. But when the moon looked into their lowly hut, her glorious light fell upon a row of tear-stained faces.

The mother stooped over with a sob in her throat and tucked the old ragged quilt closer about them. "Poor babies," she whispered tenderly, "I will go and pray to Benten.¹ Perhaps she will show me how to find food and clothes. For alas! the chilly rainy season is upon us, and the wind blows to-night with almost the violence of a hurricane. Ugh! how it sweeps in through every crack and crevice!"

She got an old cloak of her husband's and spread over the sleeping little ones, then set the ragged screen at a better angle to protect them. Their bed was some heavy strips of paper, for they had but the one quilt. And they were huddled close together for warmth. By and

¹The nurse of Japan, and the model to all good mothers because she once protected the children from the dragons.

by when the mother was ready she would lie down close beside them. But now she must go to the shrine of Benten.

She caught up an old scarf to wind about her head and shoulders. But her hand was stayed by the sobbing sound of a child's voice, which seemed to come from just without the door.

"Oh, I am so cold," it cried. "Pray let me in!"

Jingu hurriedly moved back the screen, and there stood a tiny lad, all ragged and shivering, and sobbing most pitifully. The good mother caught him up in her arms and carried him in. She chafed his cold hands and feet and fed him with the last of the rice cakes, dipped in hot water. Then she wrapped him in an old coat and settled him snugly beside her own little ones. By this time the rain had begun to fall in torrents. The mother was very tired. She had put in a long hard day in the field. She sat down on the floor, thinking perhaps the weather would soon clear, and immediately fell asleep, with her head resting against the side of the screen.

Presently she awoke to find the room warm as summer and filled with a delicious smell of food.

She sat up and gazed about with wide open eyes. Then she slowly pinched herself to see if

she were awake. Surely some good fairies had been at work while she slept! Near by were four little tables filled with steaming, savory food. There was a nice bowl of delicious clam broth, a dish of rice, some minced fish, and a cup of tea on each one.

The mother cried out in delight, and ran joyfully to wake the children. "Fatima—Osonto—Koku—wake up! wake up!" she called. "The most delightful thing has happened!"

Then she put out her hand to arouse the strange child. He was gone! Perhaps he had wakened and wandered out into the storm. She opened the door to call him back. Behold! there where he had stood in the cold biting wind was a lovely plant filled with pure white blossoms. "Take and cherish," said a voice from the clouds. "It will bring you both food and clothes."

Wonderingly, and with trembling the mother obeyed. She knew that the little lad whom she had fed with her last crust, and tucked in with her own babies, must have come from heaven. None but a god could waken the flowers in winter. Besides, these were such wondrously beautiful blossoms. Nothing like them had ever before been seen, she felt certain.

The emperor was glad to pay a magnificent sum for the little plants which soon sprang up from the roots of the main stalk, and never again did the good mother and her little ones want for the comforts of life. Gardeners cultivated the heaven-sent plants most carefully, and presently they were to be had by the thousands, not only in white bloom, but in red, yellow, purple, pink, and a variety of dainty combinations. Ages afterward the precious blossoms were christened Chrysanthemums, or "Christ Flowers."

Little Mexican Twins

TOLSA and Jacinto Costrello are little Mexican twins. They live on an hacienda (*a-syen-da*), which is the Mexican name for a great farm. Their father is a peon. His father and his grandfather before him were peons and worked on the hacienda for the Don Juans, the noble Mexican owners. The great bell in the tower measures the poor father's day. It tells him when to get up, when to go to work in the field, when to eat his dinner of corn cakes and tomato sauce, and when to go back to his hut at night.

The hut is only one room, and alas ! it is anything but clean. It is the sleeping place of nearly twenty people and a great flock of hens. It is not a home, and Tolsa and Jacinto spend as little time there as possible. All day long they play in the gardens and fields and forest among the great cocoanut palms and mahogany trees, the bright flowers, and the laughing sunshine. Tolsa loves to make daisy chains and to gather great armfuls of the beautiful dahlias and geraniums which

grow wild everywhere. Jacinto is happiest when astride a burro's back. He likes to ride over the flower-strewn earth and to fancy that he is one of the soldiers of the Mexican army. For Jacinto has made up his mind never to be a peon. He will go to the little schoolhouse on the hacienda and learn to read, and then some day he will go out into the world and be a great man! So he plans and fancies and builds a great many air castles.

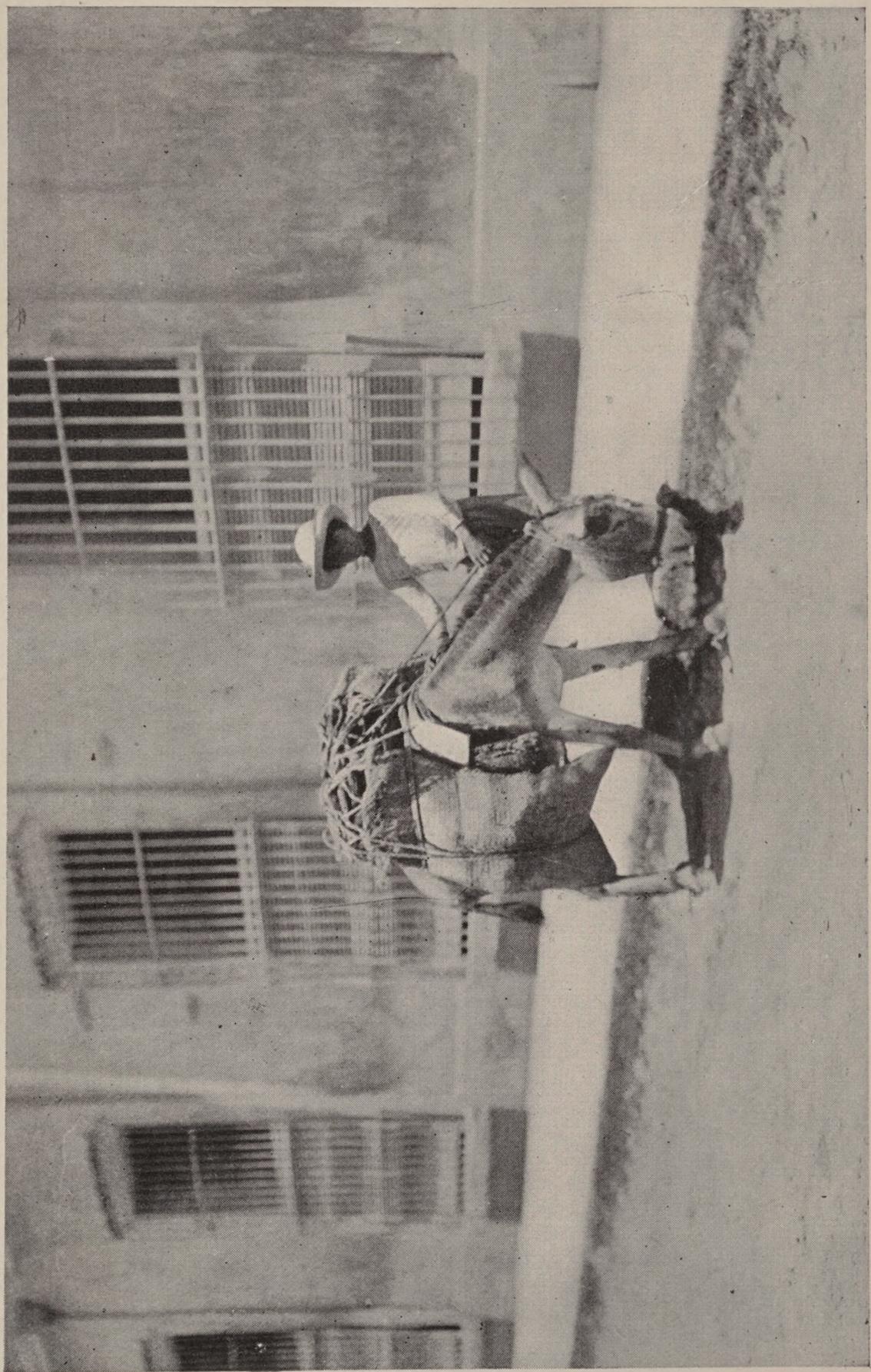
His grandmother sits all day with her pipe and her drawn work, beneath the shade of the magnolia, and tells him many things which feed his fancy. She knows wonderful tales about the noble Indian race, the Aztecs, which peopled Mexico before the Spaniards conquered the country. Her great grandfather was a mighty Aztec prince. He lived in a stone pueblo, and had many golden treasures. In her eye flashes a spark of his proud spirit. She would be glad to have Jacinto break away from the peons, and take his place among the Mexican free men. She tells him of the great Benito Juarez, he who was once president of Mexico.

"He was a poor Indian boy like yourself, Jacinto," she says. "He wore ragged clothes

and had not a sign of a sombrero (*som-bra-ro*). But he studied and became a leader of the people, a man whom every Mexican loves and worships."

Jacinto hears her with a thoughtful face, and his dusky little hand steals up to give his own old ragged sombrero a loving pat. A sombrero, you know, is a great wide-brimmed hat. It is a sign of rank among the Mexican lads, for many are too poor to own one.

Soon Jacinto races off to find Tolsa. She and her mother have just come from washing clothes in the river, and now they are getting ready to make pulque (*pool-ka*). This is a kind of beer which is made from the sap of the maguey (*mag-wa*) or century plant. The natives are very fond of it, and the plant is grown freely. It has long pointed leaves and a stalk that sometimes grows to a height of thirty or forty feet. It bears white flowers at the top, but the plant has to be quite old before it blooms. That is why it is called a century plant. Among the leaves in the center of the plant is a large cone. The Mexicans hollow this out in the form of a bowl. When the bowl is filled the sap is dipped out and set away to sour. A single plant sometimes yields two or three gallons of sap per day, for several months.



JACINTO AND HIS BURRO

There is another plant which looks something like the century plant that is of great use to the Mexicans. It is called sisal hemp, named from a port in Yucatan. It yields a fiber from which bagging, hammocks, and ropes are made. Many of our hammocks are made from this hemp.

Not far from where Jacinto and Tolsa live is the city of Puebla. The Mexicans call it "The City of Angels," because legend says that the angels helped build it. The children can see the top of the tallest church spires, and they wonder and wonder what the city is like, for they have never been farther than the little hacienda village. The old grandmother has a piece of onyx which came from the great quarries near the city. Do you know what onyx is like? It is a beautiful stone which is used a great deal for the inside decoration of buildings. Most of the beautiful Mexican blankets which you see in the shops come from Puebla.

Ole Torkelson

OLE TORKELSON lives in Norway. His father is a hunter and fisherman and he keeps many cattle, sheep and goats which Ole and his big sisters look after. Just as we come to their place, they are about to start for the *saetar*, and Ole is wild with joy.

The *saetar* is the Torkelsons' mountain home. Here Ole and his sisters Caroline and Mathilde will stay all summer, for here there is plenty of feed for the stock.

They have had a busy time packing up, but now the wooden milk pails, the cheese press, the big iron kettle, the few kitchen things which they will need, the blankets, the food, etc., are all strapped on the backs of the horses. Ole is mounted on a dashing little black pony, and he carries an odd-looking horn of birch bark in one hand. He calls it a *loor*. If the cattle stray away, he will blow a great blast on the *loor* and call them back. Many of the cows have bells tied to their necks, and the ears of the sheep

and goats are marked so that they will know them if they wander away.

The mountain path is very steep, and Ole and his sisters will not reach the saetar until nightfall. Then they will be too tired for anything but to get the stock into the pens, and supper ready, for the sisters will walk all the weary way. But early the next morning Ole will be up and about on his tireless little pony. Soon the animals will be turned out to grass and Ole will watch them. His sisters milk the cows and make butter and cheese. They also have a little garden behind their log cabin. In the afternoons they sometimes help Ole with the herding and knit and spin while they watch.

In July Mr. Torkelson and his little daughter Katharine will go up to the saetar and stay for a few days. Then Ole and Katharine will see the midnight sun. Do you know what that is? For several nights in the summer the sun does not set, but shines all night long. It sinks down low in the west, but it does not go out of sight, and at midnight it begins to rise again. It is a wonderful and beautiful sight.

In winter there are days and days when the sun does not shine at all where Ole lives, and it is

bitter cold. But it is not dark, for the moon and stars give their light and the beautiful aurora borealis shines far up in the sky. Do you know about the aurora borealis? Some people call it the northern lights. It is very beautiful and has many forms. One of the handsomest is a belt, or scarf, of silver clouds stretched along the northern horizon. From the upper edge of this cloud pencils and streamers of light shoot up into the sky, making it look like a great lighted dome, supported by ever-changing pillars of fire.

Ole and Katharine dread to see winter come, for then they must stay in the house many days at a time. For weeks the snow falls in thick and heavy flakes, until it seems that there is nothing in all the land but snow. The ground under their feet is snow; the sky above their heads is snow; everything is snow! The traveler who attempts to go about in the blinding whirl is sure to be lost.

It gets dark early and sometimes when grandmother is too tired to tell them stories, the children find the evenings very long indeed. They wonder how Mathilde and Caroline can sit so patiently spinning and weaving cloth to be made into clothes for the family. But by and by the

storm passes, the heavens clear, and the sun shines brightly upon the dazzling whiteness. Then Ole and Katharine have great fun sliding over the deep snow on snow-shoes.

They have to be careful not to get too far from home, for fear of the wolves which often grow very fierce and hungry when the winters are long and cold. Sometimes Mr. Torkelson joins his neighbors in a great wolf hunt. They go with loors and ponies, dogs and guns, and make a day of it. Frequently the wolves show fight at first, but they are soon overpowered. Always the hunter seeks first to kill the "chief wolf," or ring-leader of the pack, and sometimes he leads them a wild chase.

Ole and his sister go to a log schoolhouse in the edge of a great forest of spruce and pine. The seats are made to hold four pupils. Do you suppose the master can keep the little boys and girls from whispering when they sit so close together? He is a dear old man. His wife and granddaughter, Anna, live in the rooms back of the schoolroom.

Early in the spring Ole has great sport hunting with his father. They shoot heath cocks, wild ducks, and water-fowl. They build themselves

huts of spruce boughs and sometimes stay for several days. Getting the heath cock is the most fun. These birds have an odd fashion of meeting on the moors and fighting a pitched battle for life or death, to see who shall be the leader of the flock. They use the same battle-ground from year to year, and Ole and his father always build their huts of boughs close beside it. From this point they shoot when the fight has grown the fiercest. Sometimes there are a score or more of cocks in a struggle, and they bag a nice bunch before all is done.

Darius, a Playmate of Persia

DARIUS MOUSTEFA is a little Persian lad who lives far away in Teheran, the capital city of Persia. He is a very fair, dark-haired, dark-eyed little chap, and proud indeed that he is attending school "under the banner of the Lord," as his people call the church mission schools. Here he is learning many valuable things, not the least of them being how to become a useful citizen. His father can see little sense in the strange-looking figures and scrawls Darius sometimes brings home on paper. "In my day," says he, "boys learned 'to ride, to draw the bow, and to speak the truth.' Even the shah himself could not read or write. He kept scribes for such things."

But alas! one part of his youthful lessons was never learned by Moustefa! He is a little man, with a great bushy black beard, and skilled in all manner of trickery and deceit. He has no special business, but quite often he goes up to the mystical city of Nedjef, in Arabia, as a paid mourner with one of the funeral caravans. Nedjef is the

mecca of the Persians. Here every good man goes to pray at least once during his life, and here he hopes to be buried when he dies. The hot sandy plains without the city has been the sepulchre of more human bodies than any other spot on earth. Only last month Moustefa returned from the burial of a great Persian nobleman. He was one of three hundred paid mourners, who wept and wailed during the better part of the six weeks' journey to the city.

Darius has a dear little sister called Sherin, which is the Persian word for sweet. She has never been to school. But Ali, her older brother, who is a camel driver, has promised that she certainly shall as soon as he can earn enough money to buy the thread which his mother and grandmother need for weaving rugs and tapestries. They keep the wolf from the door by the sale of these. So Sherin patiently does her daily task of winding silk fiber on to the reels for making thread. Sometimes Darius helps her, and they have good times planning all sorts of things.

Once upon a time Sherin went with Ali on one of his caravan trips, and she never tires of telling the interesting things she saw. A number of beautiful ladies and their staff of servants made

up the company. They took a fancy to Sherin, and she rode with one or another of the ladies all the way in the little covered boxes, like bird-cages, slung one on each side of the great long-legged "ships of the desert." Best of all, Sherin liked the time they spent in camp. Such good things as they had to eat! There was fruit such as Sherin had never even seen before, and the most delicious sweets and vegetables! She did not even know the names of many of them. It was all so different from the tiresome meals of bread slabs, cheese and tea, which they had at home. For seldom indeed could the Moustefas afford the other two items of peasant diet—rice and meat. After the supper was cleared away, paid musicians entertained them with wonderful music from harps and guitars, or professional story-tellers related the most thrilling tales. Sherin learned all about the genii, the spirits of good and evil. "Always, Darius," says she, "there are two of these genii with you wherever you go. One lays all the pitfalls he can to tempt you into sin; the other wrestles to overthrow them and help you to be good."

Sherin learned, too, about the peris, who were female spirits shut out from heaven. Of the

demon Siltim who was supposed to haunt groves and solitary places, and of the devas, or demons of the air, who loved to capture the peris, and shut them up in iron cages, which they hung from the tallest trees. She knew wonderful stories of the mythical King Splendid of Persepolis, the Kaisar Jamschid, who lived in a great castle built by the genii. Underneath this castle were secret vaults containing vast treasures which many sought to discover and thereby met with all sorts of adventure. Kaisar Jamschid it was who said : "The world's not worth a barley corn." What did he mean ?

Other legends which Sherin never tired of had to do with Al Rakim, a dog in the Mohammedan paradise, having charge of correspondence and messages, and the wonderful celestial steed Al Borak, on which it is said Mohammed rode in a single night from Mecca to Jerusalem, and on to the seventh heaven. This marvelous steed had a human face, the wings of an eagle, and a color as white as milk.

There were many things which interested Sherin in the country through which they passed : the vast silent desert, with its wonderful little oases, so green and refreshing after the heat and glitter

of the sands ; and the pleasant river valley which they presently followed some distance, where "all the company was peacocks and turtle doves." Once she caught sight of a herd of antelopes, and again she shivered at the wails of a hyena away in the forest. "What would it mean to be lost in this solitary region ?" she asked herself. And then, if no other time on the wonderful journey, she thought of home and her silk reel with pleasure. It was good to feel that she had a safe place all her own, however humble and tiring it was at times.

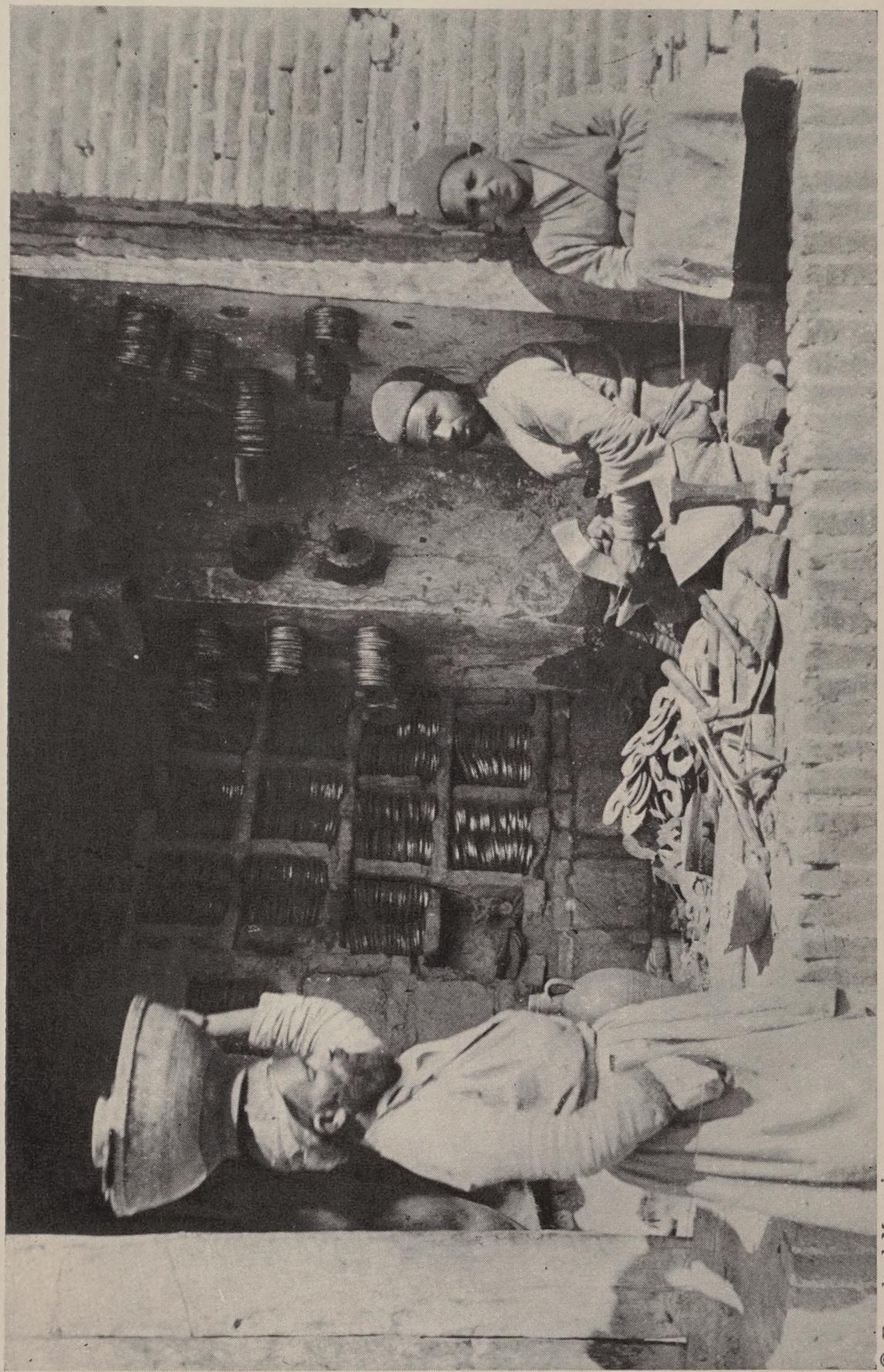
Sherin had brought home a great armful of blue water lilies, and Ali had the most wonderful present for Darius. It was a baby gazelle. One of his comrades had found it bleating pitifully in the rushes by the waterside. They thought its mother had been killed. Perhaps a lion had caught her ! Never was there a dearer little playmate than Alex soon became. He follows Darius all about, and loves to nose in his pockets for bits of bread and cheese. Often he goes to market with his master. For Darius has all the buying to do.

In the homes of the rich Persians, the cook does the buying. The Moustefas cannot afford a cook,

neither of the women has time to go to market, and so the lot fell to Darius. He does not mind, for there are many men cooks in Persia, and he often meets lads not much older than himself. The grocery store is a mere stall, after the fashion of most of the shops in the East. Its wares are set forth most unhygienically in a bewildering array of wooden trays. But their number does not much concern Darius. He has very little money to spend, and his wants are soon satisfied.

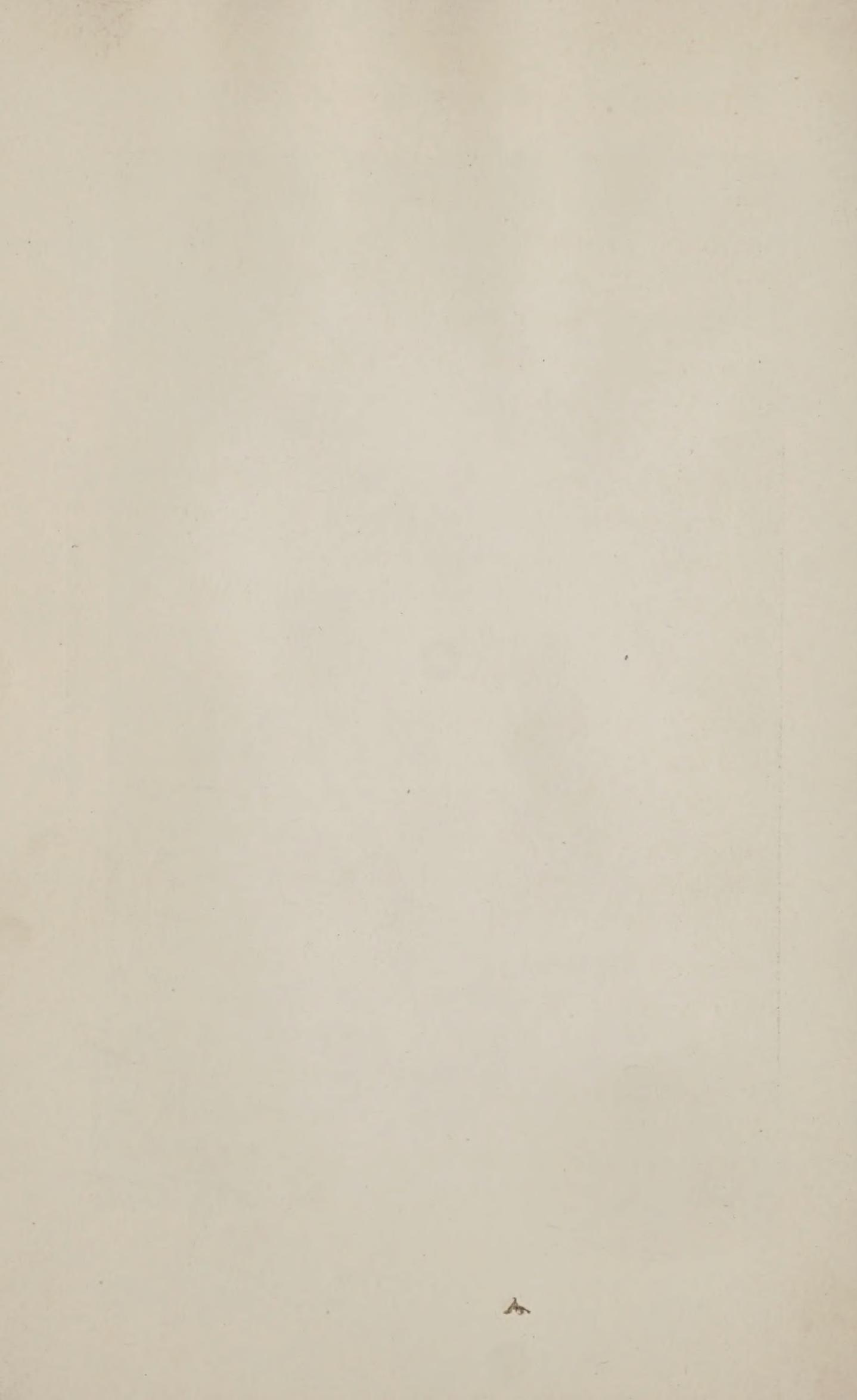
There is a little beggar on the corner that reminds Darius of Sherin. He often gives her small coins. She is so bright and cheerful, in spite of her bare feet and the ragged jute sacks which make up the most of her clothes. Always her head and ears are carefully wrapped in a square of old faded silk, which is pinned snugly under her chin and drapes down about her shoulders, shawl fashion. One seldom sees a Persian girl or woman without this draped head-covering, though some of the girls at Darius' school have adopted white sunbonnets. They are so much neater and cooler.

Darius likes to design rug patterns for his mother and grandmother, and often, too, he helps in the weaving. Such wonderful colors as they



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A PERSIAN BLACKSMITH SHOP



use! And they keep the secret of their dye-stuffs very carefully. Their loom is simply two poles, one at the top, the other at the bottom, to hold the threads taut. It is hung on the side of the house, and until the work has progressed so that the women can reach it from the ground, they squat on a scaffold made by stretching a board across from a ladder at each side. This can be lowered rung by rung as desired. The weaving is a careful, painstaking operation, accomplished entirely by hand. The Moustefa women are very skillful and do not wish for any assistance outside of their own family. But most of their neighbors like to join forces, and it is common to see as many as six or eight men and women working on one rug.

Rugs, tapestries, and grass mats are almost the only manufactures of Persia. Wheat, cotton, rice, barley and opium are cultivated. But the Persians are too shiftless to be good farmers. Then, too, so much of their country is desert land. There are practically no railroad or carriage roads. Trade is carried on by caravan. In times past, Darius and Ali have talked and planned about one day being traders and managing a caravan route of their own. But lately Darius

has been reading some scout books which were loaned him at the mission, and now he thinks it would be fine to be a trapper in the big forests! No doubt he will outgrow this desire. But it is not probable that the caravan dream will ever be realized. For Western progress is creeping into the far-away realm of the East. Telegraphs and post-offices have been established and the railroad will come next. Then Ali may be a brakeman instead of a camel driver! And who knows what Darius may become? The schoolboys of Persia are its hope for the future; through them must come the country's advancement. Persia is about four times as large as the state of California. It is ruled by a king, or *shah* as he is called. There is no chance of Darius ever being the shah, but he might become one of the shah's chief advisers; or again, if very wonderful progress were made, he might become president of Persia! There is really no telling.

Darius loves all sorts of outdoor sports. He and his chums have great times running races, slinging stones, flying kites, and practicing with the bow and arrow. There is a lake not far away, and in summer it is great fun to camp upon its bank. Such times as they have in the water and

upon it! Like the Persian boys of old, they make long marches and expose themselves to all sorts of weather, and as a further test of endurance they sometimes try having but one meal in two days! But not often, for this latter feat is too disastrous in its results. Boys of Persia, like the boys of all other realms, are too apt to be "hollow clear down." They had rather have an extra meal than to miss one! The Moustefas do not keep a horse, but Darius can ride as though he were born in the saddle. He is quite a hunter, too. Last summer he got \$5 for a bearskin rug which he manufactured from the coat of a misguided bruin that thought to make a meal at their forest camp.

Sometimes Darius gets little odd jobs to do. The other day he helped a family move up to their summer home in the hills beyond Teheran. It is so very warm in the city in summer that no one stays in it who can possibly get away. Moving in Persia is exciting business! Chairs, tables, bedding and such necessities are loaded on the backs of donkeys. Dishes and other breakables are carried on wooden trays which the men balance on their heads. Fancy your mother having her favorite tea-set transported in that way! Ten

donkeys and four tray carriers made up the procession. The ladies of the family rode in swinging palanquins, carried between donkeys walking tandem. The mountain cottage is a long, low building of one story, with a single upper room built on the flat mud roof. This upper room has no windows. But there are eleven doors with glass panes. It is as good as a sleeping porch. The kitchen is such a long ways from the dining-room that Darius tells his boy friend, Ardishir the cook, that he will have to run if he gets the food served before it gets cold. Ardishir winks drolly and says he will just imagine the Kurds are after him. The Kurds are a clan of wild robbers from the fastness of the mountains, who often sweep down striking terror to all hearts and leaving death and destruction in their path. Not infrequently boys and girls are carried away to their camps and made to serve as slaves.

Our Little Brown Cousins

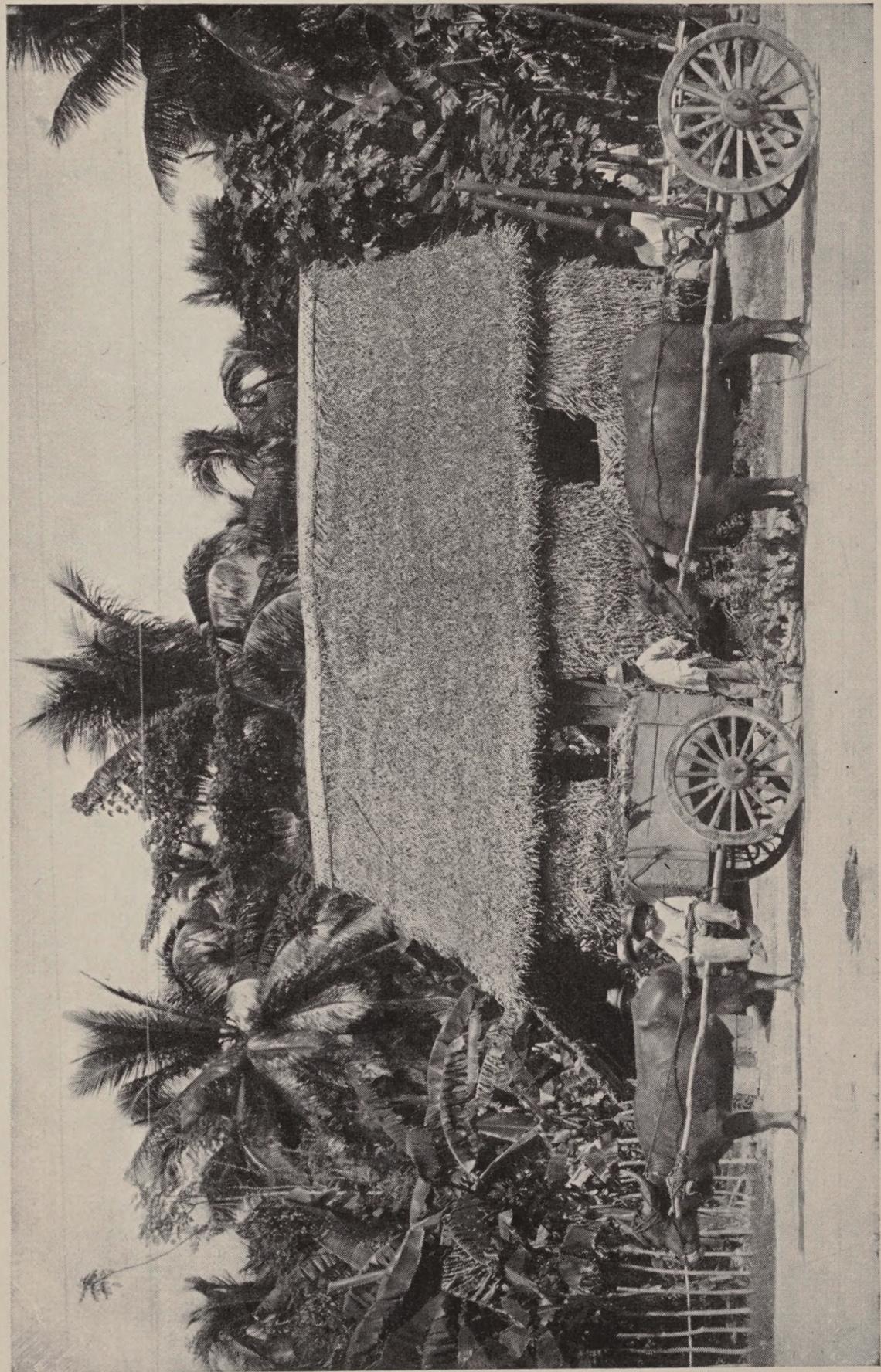
IF you please, we will journey away over the sunny Pacific to the "Venice of the Far East." This is the city of Manila, in the islands of the Philippines. At the close of the Spanish-American war, these islands were given to Uncle Sam upon the payment of twenty million dollars to Spain. So you see the children here are our kin in very truth. They are under the same government and they are attending schools much like our own.

We will make the trip on the wings of the mind and get there in one moment, thus doing away with worry and seasickness. It is a delightful way to travel! And our eyes are big with wonder as we enter the great Bay of Manila. Ordinarily it takes several hours to cross it and come to anchor in the harbor near the mouth of the Pasig River. But we are over it in a twinkling and sailing up the river in one of the government steam launches into the very heart of the city.

Canals branch out from the river, and it is

possible to go in boats to all parts of this "New Venice." We soon come to the Bridge of Spain, which divides Old and New Manila. Old Manila is enclosed by a big wall and surrounded by water, the sea being on one side, the river on another, and the remaining sides flanked by moats. The moats and wall were built to protect the city from sea pirates, and fifty years ago it was still the custom to close the drawbridge at night, thus shutting up the walled town like an old fortress of the Middle Ages. Most of the officials have their offices in Old Manila; here also are a large number of schools, colleges, churches and monasteries. New Manila is the business part of the city and also the residence section.

There is a group of little boys playing marbles, not far from the large monument which the Spaniards built in honor of Magellan, who discovered the islands, and we hurriedly signal to be landed there. Americans are common enough, and our arrival is not even noted by the little urchins who are deep in what promises to be a lively squabble. What a noise they make! Chattering volubly at the top of their voices, all talking at once, and gesticulating with a wildness that is most amusing.



CARABAO AND NATIVE CART

And what comical little figures they are! They all wear their shirts outside of their trousers because it is cooler that way. Some of the shirts are so thin that we can see the brown skin beneath.

Here come some Filipino women! They wear long flowing skirts, and low-necked, elbow-sleeved waists. Around their waists is wound a strip of cloth, tucked up after the fashion of an overskirt, and they have broad starched collars over their shoulders and crossed in front. The Filipinos are by no means bad looking. They are straight and well formed, with black eyes, coarse black hair, and white even teeth. They are fond of daily dips in the canal and are clean and neat at all times.

What a strange looking animal that man is riding! It is the carabao, or "water buffalo," the beast of all burden in the Philippines. It is said to be related to the cow, but we are sure our thoroughbred bossies would turn up their cool noses if they were told of the relationship. It has been wallowing in the mud and water just like a pig, and its ugly dark skin and thin bristling black hair is covered with mud. Our guide says that mud baths are necessary to the carabao as in

this way they keep off mosquitoes, flies and other insects. Later, as we travel about the country, we seldom see a carabao without a bird on his back. The buffalo is well pleased to have the bird there as it feeds on the insects which worry him. Besides doing all sorts of farm and dray work, the carabao furnishes milk and meat to the poorer classes.

Here comes a bright looking little brown boy driving a carromatas, as the Filipinos call their small two-wheeled pony cabs. He is dressed in white. It is the livery of the cabmen. See how politely he bows to us! All the Filipinos think that Americans have money, and he hopes to get some of ours. We do not like to cast a reflection on our race, and so bargain with him to take us to a hotel. But before we have gone half a block, we regret our loyalty. For like all the other drivers about him, the lad has absolutely no mercy on his pony, and we dash through the narrow crowded streets in a wild reckless fashion that threatens to bring us to disaster.

Fortunately, however, nothing happens, and we presently find ourselves climbing the steps of a large three-story building, with balconies running entirely around it on the second and third floors.

The rooms are large and airy, and open on the balcony which is walled with thin oyster shells. They let in the light but shut out the heat. The house is handsomely furnished with ebony and mahogany that would cost a fortune in our country. The Filipinos are very fond of music, and we find both piano and organ in the parlor. The first floor is occupied by the servants and ponies. It is unhealthy to live near the ground in this land, and we find most of the dwellings built up on tall bamboo poles. The carabaos, chickens and hogs are kept under them.

For dinner we have fish and game and all kinds of vegetables, some of which are strange to us. One of the most surprising of these is a dish of bamboo shoots. We knew that the Filipino used the bamboo for making almost everything, but we never thought of them eating it! There is a delicious assortment of fruit, and we make most of our meal from it—bananas with red, white and yellow skins, pineapples, lemons, oranges, and breadfruit. Later on, in the market, we see a tree fruit called the pawpaw which looks like a muskmelon.

The Filipino market is most fascinating and we spend some time there. The stores are mere huts

of bamboo with palm leaf roofs. The storekeepers are men, women and boys. They are squatted on the ground chattering like monkeys. The Filipinos, like the Japanese, are a nation of squatters. They sit down on their heels to do everything. But one kind of goods is sold in a hut. Look at these shoes! They are nothing but wooden soles with a piece of leather over the instep. The Filipino seldom wears stockings. It is too warm.

In this stall is nothing but tobacco. Every one smokes in the Philippines—women, children, and all. Here is a nut much resembling a green butternut. It is called the betel nut. The natives cut it up, mix in a little lime and tobacco, and then chew it. It is disgusting stuff. Look, yonder is a boy chewing some of it! His teeth, tongue and lips look as though they dripped blood.

Over here on our left are stoves and cooking vessels. Such stoves and such kettles! They are made of red clay. The Filipino has a stove for each dish he cooks. The stove is a bowl with knobs around the top edge to serve as a rim to keep the kettle from touching the fire. Charcoal is the usual fuel. There are no chimneys, and often the kitchen walls are as black as the charcoal itself.

Not far away is the fish market, where are all

kinds of fish, fresh and dried, from tiny minnows to fish large enough to slice for steaks. Many fish are sold alive, being piled into light woven bamboo baskets which hold water. The customer feels the fish to make sure it is fresh, and then the peddler kills it by pounding it on the back with a stick.

Chickens and pigeons are kept in loosely woven bamboo cages and baskets. Hogs, too, are kept alive until wanted, and there are pens of guinea pigs, which are sold to be eaten as we eat rabbits and squirrels.

How noisy it is! One of our party—a man, of course,—says that it is because most of the buying and selling is done by the women! Certainly there are a great many of them. Even the porters are women. Those girls over there with wide umbrella hats have come in from the country with something to sell. All trading is by bargaining, and the people screech their offers and refusals at the top of their voices. There is a great deal of chaffing and wrangling. People are hurrying to and fro with great burdens on their backs or heads, and the way is blocked with drays and carts.

There are many interesting sights in Manila. But the city covers about twenty square miles, and our time is limited as we wish to see some-

thing of the country round about, so we decide to content ourselves with a bird's-eye view from the church tower of Saint Sebastian. A black-robed priest opens the door and we follow him up and up the hundreds of steps of the slim, spiral staircase to the top of the tower. Here we hold our breath in admiration of the view below us. The city skirts the silvery Bay of Manila for miles and extends backward to lose itself in a green plain spotted with trees. In the distance are magnificent mountains as blue as our own Blue Ridge mountains in midsummer. Waterways and wide streets cross one another at all angles, even in the fields and vegetable gardens without the city. There are boats and launches everywhere. Over there is Luneta, the park where fashionable Manila comes to drive and listen to the music from five o'clock until dusk every afternoon.

As we watch, the sun sinks low, and the old priest directs our attention to the farmers returning from their labors. For there are no farmhouses in the Philippines. The people all dwell in the cities. On they come in groups of color like "bright-colored ribbons through the green fields." The men and boys are clothed in white cotton. The women and girls wear black shawls and red

skirts. Some of the boys are walking hand in hand, some of the girls have their arms linked around the waists of their friends, others are enjoying a merry game of tag and playing pranks as children will.

The sun is scarcely an hour high when we set out by train next day to see the country along the railroad running north of Manila to the sea. On each side of the track are vast fields of rice, dotted here and there with groves of bananas, patches of Indian corn, tobacco, hemp, and the pale green of little sugar plantations. Here and there are clumps of tall, feathery bamboos, beautiful fern trees with their lace-like leaves, pine and cedar, teak, ebony, mahogany, the rubber tree, the camphor tree, the cocoanut palm, and the banyan tree with great roots hanging from its branches. There are beautiful flowers everywhere, running vines, ropes of rattan and great growths of wire-like grass. The trees are filled with birds of beautiful plumage, but we hear few song birds. There are parrots of every size and color, great white herons, strange whistling birds, wild turkeys, and many colored doves and pigeons three times as large as ours. Our guide, a little Filipino boy, says that there are wild hogs and deer in the forest.

Rice is the chief food crop and we find it in every stage of cultivation. Here is a water-soaked field with little green sprouts just springing up. There is a field just beginning to turn yellow. Now we come to a rich golden field where the harvesting is being done. Here are many women and girls cutting the rice stalk by stalk and gathering it into little sheaves. By and by the men will gather the little sheaves into shocks. Over yonder is a Filipino threshing machine at work. It is a blindfolded carabao with a boy on his back riding him back and forth over a pile of rice straw! Some of the Filipinos thresh with a sort of saw-toothed machine. After the grain is separated from the straw the hulls are pounded off in a great wooden trough. This is a daily stunt for the boy. He must hull enough rice for the family's use. He winnows it by throwing it up in the air and letting the wind blow away the chaff.

Many girls and women are at work on the sugar and tobacco plantations. Here are some girls planting sugar cane. They lay the bits of cane end to end in furrows and cover them with their bare feet. Over yonder another gay-skirted group is busily inspecting the rich, dark green

tobacco leaves for worms. There are about 10,000 tobacco plants to the acre, and the girls say that it is back-breaking work to keep a field free of weeds and insect pests. The plants are set out in October. In April the leaves are ready to be cut off, cured and sorted.

We pass through a number of farming settlements, or towns, which have but one street, perhaps a mile or more in length. The huts are ranged along on either side, and there are groups of noisy children having gay times together. They wear nothing but cotton shirts which reach to their knees. The babies go naked. Batiste, our guide, says that there are about eighty tribes of wild men on the islands, all speaking a different language. Some of these have their homes built in trees, crawling into them at night on crotched sticks which they pull up after them. Cannibals and head-hunters have their stronghold in the mountains, and we are careful to keep our distance.

Now and then we catch sight of a "Negrito" peeping at us from behind a tree. The Negritos are queer looking little people with spindling legs, sunken foreheads, and puffed-out stomachs. They go almost naked and decorate their bodies with beads, snake skins, etc. They offer sacrifices to

woodland spirits, and wander about, sleeping in caves, and living upon roots, wild fruit, and such game as they can trap or shoot with bow and arrow.

The Igorrotes (*ēg gōr rō' tēs*) are a fine looking race,—tall, strong and well formed, with very brown skins and high cheek bones. They are great warriors, and have their own towns and villages. They have little farms in the foot-hills northwest of Luzon. They mine iron and copper and are skilled in making lances and swords. They scorn clothing—a breech cloth and some gay tattooing being all they require.

In the southern part of the Philippines is an interesting tribe called the Bagobas. They wear clothes woven of grass, and ivory or shell earrings as big round as a cup. All are fond of jewelry. The women wear heavy brass rings on their ankles and a string of bells about the calf of the leg. They worship spirits which they believe to dwell in the trees and mountains.

The Moros are among the most civilized as well as the oddest of the tribes we visit. They live in villages of gray thatched huts, about fifteen or twenty feet square, built high up on bamboo poles under the tallest of cocoanut trees. The floor is of bamboo poles covered with mats,

and there is no furniture. Indeed the house is of but little use save as a shelter at night and in time of storms. There are scores of half-naked little brown boys all about. They are armed, like their fathers, with a fierce looking kris or sword at their belts; some have spears and lances, and others carry guns. The men wear bright-colored turbans, loose jackets and skin-tight trousers striped with red, yellow and blue. Some wear straw hats over their turbans, ending at the crown in a cone of burnished tin. Women and girls wear long gayly-colored gowns. All chew the betel. The Moro women have their teeth colored jet black and filed down with a stone until they curve out in front. The Moro girl is sold or traded to her husband. A beauty can be bought for ten dollars, or for a carabao. The Moros are mostly fishers, but they do some crude farming, using only the simplest of tools. Here comes a girl bringing a drink to her father in the field. Her bucket is a bamboo stalk, covered at one end. If you were to try to drink from it, likely you would get a good drenching. The Moros are divided into tribes, each under its own chief or datto, who has absolute power over his subjects.

Juan of Porto Rico

JUAN MORO is a little brown boy living on the far-away island of Porto Rico, about one thousand miles east of Havana in the Atlantic Ocean. It is a delightful land in which to dwell—"the land of perpetual June." Gardens and fields produce crops two or three times a year. Flowers bloom and there is fruit the year around. Ferns grow to the height of spreading trees, and there are many plants with colored leaves which are as brilliant as flowers.

Juan's home is a crowded basement in Ponce (Pōn' sā), the chief commercial city of Porto Rico. It has but one room. The windows are small openings on the sidewalk above. They let in little light and scarcely any fresh air. There is but one bed. Juan and his many brothers and sisters sleep on a pile of straw in one corner. In another the two game cocks, Darius and Christopher, roost. These birds are highly prized, and are given better care than the children. Every Sunday afternoon there is a grand cock-fight

in a building which stands next to the cathedral and town hall in importance. On occasion Darius has covered the family and himself with glory.

There is no stove in Juan's home. Indeed you will scarcely find one on the island. As in Cuba, the cooking is done over small pots of charcoal. The people live mostly on fruits and vegetables which do not need cooking and cost very little. Two great juicy oranges can be bought for a penny. The same sum invested in bananas will buy five. Limes, cocoanuts, dates, figs, sweet apples, pears, and dozens of other fruits are just as cheap. Juan helps to make the living by peddling fruit juices, which are very delicious and refreshing. He carries his stock upon his head in a large basket or panier. He is saving his pennies in the hope of some day being able to buy a pony to bear the burden.

Juan does not care much about school. He had rather go to a good cock-fight any day. And he is not alone in this opinion. Few of the Porto Ricans ever saw a book or heard of school until after the Spanish-American war, when the stars and stripes were hoisted above the island and Uncle Sam began to take an active interest

in affairs. It will take time for them to become interested in education.

Juan's little brothers and sisters have no toys, books, or pictures, and scarcely any clothes, yet they seem happy and contented. They play in the street, and a little dirt more or less does not matter to them. They are fond of music, and Juan plans soon to go up to his uncle's in the country and make a guida. This is a queer musical instrument fashioned from a curved-neck gourd. It does not sound very musical to our touch, but the Porto Ricans are natural musicians and can get music out of anything.

Often Juan goes to amuse some little rich children, whose father is a great man on the island. They live in a grand house, built after the fashion of the houses in Cuba, with the family living-rooms on the second floor and the servants and stables below. The place is very comfortably furnished, and the children are quite as well dressed as the children in our own land, excepting the baby who is allowed to go quite naked, because it is cooler that way. The boys attend the American school, and later will be sent to our country or to Europe to finish their education. The little girls have a governess, who teaches

them many things not found in books. The Porto Ricans do not think it advisable for a woman to be "book learned."

Juan's chum, Colombo San Sebastol, is a lad of his own age who sells iced cherries, chocolate, and coffee. He used to live in the country, and he says that it is a far happier place than the city. There was a cool stream under the tree ferns and banana trees where he could paddle about, and it was great fun to fish and catch crabs for the market. Nor did he mind weeding the garden, digging potatoes, and gathering fruit, vegetables, and coffee. All the time, too, he had to keep a weather eye open for the wild hog, which is very fierce and does great damage among the sheep, pigs, and calves. He says that Porto Rican farmers think themselves rich if they own a horse, a cow, some game cocks, a gun, and an acre of land. The farmer's home can be built in two days from the royal palm and the cocoanut tree. He makes what little furniture and table articles his family needs. He raises his own rice flour, corn meal, coffee, tobacco, sugar and vegetables. Fruit grows wild and may be had for the picking. Now and then he takes some produce to town. With the money he buys clothing, or more often

has a hilarious time gambling at a rooster fight!

Colombo says he often saw *armies of crabs* marching across the country to the seashore to lay their eggs and cast their shells. Did you ever hear of such an army? There were little crabs and big crabs; some as small as a quarter and others as large as a dinner plate. They traveled in rows, half a mile wide, and as fast as a horse could go, stopping for nothing, up hill and down dales, even over stone walls. Then there were scores of interesting pirate crabs. Do you know about them? They have a fashion of coming out of their shells and running around in freedom. When they get ready to go in, they do not trouble to find their own empty house, but back into the first shell handy and ramble off!

Porto Rican stores look like small caves, when compared with the great mercantile establishments of our country. The business signs are Spanish, and disclose neither the nature of the business carried on within nor the name of the owner. For instance, here is a dry goods shop labeled "La Rosa," "the rose;" a hardware store flourishes under a name which Juan translates as "The White Heron;" and a shoe shop an-

nounces itself as "The Golden Girl." The markets are carried on inside a noisy courtyard, much after the fashion of other markets we have visited. There are all sorts of vegetables and tropical fruits, as well as meats and fish of all kinds. The busiest stall of all perhaps is that where dried beef is sold. The natives like it stewed to eat with their rice. Salt cod is another article much in demand.

The island of Porto Rico is about one-half the size of the state of New Jersey. It is very thickly settled, and since our government took it in hand conditions have been steadily improving. Courts and schools have been established, postal and telegraph systems put in operation, roads built, etc. It is only about three days by fast steamer from New York to San Juan, on the northern coast; so that in the near future it may be that we shall have the pleasure of enjoying some of the delicious vegetables, pineapples, oranges, bananas and other luscious fruits which delight the palates of these cousins of ours. Indeed perhaps Juan and Colombo and their friends will grow rich and prosperous raising these things for northern markets. Imagine getting an apple or a melon from the fruit stand with the lettering Juan Moro or C. San Sebastol upon it!

A Visit to the Zamarkroff Family

WOULDN'T you like to visit a large country place in Russia? Suppose we spread our fairy rug of fancy and sail away on it to the home of Ivan and Christine Zamarkroff. Their father owns an estate of 10,000 acres about a hundred miles from Moscow.

We arrive just in time for supper, and are summoned at once to the dining-room. Such a supper! The table fairly groans with its load of good things. There is roast sucking pig and roast half-grown chickens, each person being served a lengthwise half of the bird; thinly-cut slices of dried salmon; fermented cabbage, which tastes much like the familiar sauerkraut; potatoes cooked in their jackets; a vegetable combination cooked in linseed oil—a dish which we find as uneatable as its name is unspeakable; several kinds of fruit preserves and dried fruit; and a sort of iced soup, composed of bits of fish, slices of lettuce, spring onions, cucumbers, and a variety of herbs, combined with thick cream. How hun-

gry we are! We feel like apologizing for our ravenous appetites, but our hostess waves away our words. "It is the keen Russian air," she says. As we rise from the table, Ivan and Christine come forward and kiss their mother's hand, turning shyly to kiss ours also. It is a pleasing custom, as old as the land itself.

The house is a low, rambling timbered affair. It is so very warm indoors that we are glad to get out on one of the wide balconies. Here the grandmother, a stately, white-haired old lady, talks delightfully of this and that in the very best of French. In her young days French was the court language, and she and her younger brothers and sisters were punished if they dared speak in anything so vulgar as Russian. It was the tongue of serfs and servants. But not so Ivan and Christine! They rattle away in French, Russian, or broken English, as suits their fancy. Occasionally their governess, or one of their grown-up sisters, gently corrects their mistakes in the latter tongue.

There are five of these grown-up sisters: Catharine, Marie, Nedra, Neltje, and Volga. They are dressed exactly alike, in blue cotton dresses, with white linen caps and sleeves. We wonder why.

Christine tells us that it is a uniform recognized by the government, and means that the girls hold diplomas from one of the schools giving very thorough training in home arts. How surprised we are! Subjects of this kind are just beginning to receive attention in our schools.

Though it is past ten o'clock, the sky is still ablaze with the rich gold and crimson of the Russian sunset. Grandmother notes our look of admiration and wonder, and says that the beautiful shades scarcely have time to fade altogether away before their glories are paled by the glow of the sunrise.

All around us are the strange, weird cries of night birds; while bats flutter to and fro across the balcony. We wish the clammy creatures would not come quite so close! Presently the swifts and swallows leave their wild games of tag, and the screaming night-jars take their places. They seem to vie with the bats in seeing how close they can come to us! What a jarring, booming racket they make! It is as though all the spinning wheels in the neighborhood had suddenly been set in motion.

Suddenly Ivan gives a loud yawn, and quickly crosses himself to keep the devil from entering.

It is the custom among all the Russians. A servant comes with a *samovar*, and hands round the tea and an odd-shaped basket filled with delicious candied fruit. A little later, we are shown to our rooms, and are glad indeed to learn that we are to sleep in beds very like those in our own home. Scarcely have we closed our eyes, however, when a loud, unearthly whistle startles us almost into screaming. We are sure there is a fire, and begin to scramble hastily into our clothes. But there seems to be no confusion about the house, and presently we get back into bed, only to be roused up again just as we have our nerves composed and are dropping to sleep! In the morning we learn, what we then began to suspect, it was the watchman on his rounds. He sounds his whistle every hour to let his master and mistress know that he is on the job and that all is well!

We are up betimes in the morning and have just begun to dress, when a servant throws us into confusion by hurrying across our room, as a short cut to the corridor beyond. To be sure, she pays no attention to us, but why haven't the Zamarkroffs trained her better? We ask this question many times during our short stay. For

never are we sure of any privacy. There are two doors opening into our room, and as neither one is provided with a lock, we are subject to surprises on all occasions. Nor does it do any good to show anger and remonstrate. The guilty one just kisses our hand, or if we are especially fussy, our feet, and commits the offense again, possibly within ten minutes. It is the same all over the house. They do not seem to know, or want to know, their place. "They are a privileged class," sighs the old grandmother, with a shrug which she has come to know does as much good as a volley. "It takes the patience of Job to deal with them."

And we quite believe it. For at the moment, a sobbing, wailing girl, the very picture of the deepest grief, comes in and throws herself at the old Dame's feet, kissing them, and begging forgiveness for having broken a lovely hand-mirror, the pieces of which she presents. "Mon Dieu!" ejaculates the old lady, and we know something of how she feels, for only the day before she has shown us the jeweled trinket as one of her most-prized wedding-gifts. Her eyes blaze, then fill with tears, and the hand which she raises to box the girl's ears falls gently on her head. "Will

you never learn to obey, Sophie?" she asks sorrowfully. "How often must I tell you never, *never* to touch the things on my table!"

"It isn't in her nature to do differently," explains the old dowager, later. "I would send her away, but where could the poor thing go? Besides she thinks she is as much a part of the family as the children are!"

This seems to be the explanation for the hosts of women and children which swarm the place. Surely not more than half of them are needed to keep things running! But their mothers and grandmothers before them lived on the estate, why should not they? Their wants are few, the mistress has a kind heart, and so they remain. Few of these "lesser" servants are employed about the house; however, we see them on the tour of investigation which we make with Christine and Ivan.

The dairy is the first place we go. This is a low, well-equipped building some distance from the house. Here we find Catharine and a bevy of helpers busy making cheese. How spotlessly clean everything is! What fresh-smelling rolls of golden butter! We quite envy the smiling Russian maiden, so apparently happy at her tasks.

But we know, too, that there are drawbacks; for we see the bungling efforts of some of the helpers, and hear Catharine exclaim, "No, no, Selma; see; let me show you. . . . No, you haven't it right yet! . . . Now, Selma!" And again, "Wait, Maia, those things are not sterilized sufficiently!" How busy and alert she must be to keep things running smoothly!

"But the other girls are just as busy," says Christine. And so we find them. Marie at the apiary, as busy as the bees themselves; Nedra superintending the women and children who are preparing the fermented cabbage and beets for winter use; Neltje, in the fruit department, where strawberries and cherries are being converted into delicious-looking messes; Volga, in the most interesting place of all—the poultry house. She is the "hen-wife." Such hosts of downy little duck babies! Such awkward waddling goslings, nearly all head and bill! Such bright-eyed, fluffy little yellow chickens! Such cunning little turkeys! The poultry house is a large building, divided into many sections, with an office for the hen-wife at one side. It is built very warm and snug; for there are six or seven months of the year when only the geese and ducks are hardy enough to be

let out for a few minutes of fresh air. It is warmed day and night by two great Russian brick stoves. Altogether there are so many things of interest here that we would like to spend the day, but Christine and Ivan say that we must come and see the staff of little *Pastooks* and *Pastooshkas*. And what do you imagine they are? Little boys and girls who have in charge the herding of the turkeys, ducks, and geese.—There are others whose business it is to herd the cattle and pigs, but we do not see them until another day.—Such fun as the fortunate youngsters in charge of the ducks and geese are having! Their scanty clothes hang suspended, here and there, from the willow trees, and you may guess where they are! “It’s a wonder their feet do not become as webbed as their charges,” Ivan says, “for they paddle about the best part of every day.”

We go with our host and the children for a ride about the estate. We are mounted on the silkiest, most mettlesome steeds, and at first we are rather frightened, but Christine laughingly assures us that it is only the way of Russian horses, and that there is not the “mitest” danger. Soon we almost forget them in our delight of the pure air, the sweet scent of the hay and the flow-

ers mingled with the odor of the pine forests, and the interesting sights on every hand. To begin with, the stable is enormous, holding feed and affording accommodations for about fifty horses. The cow stable holds more than a hundred animals. In the very center of the barnyard is a big pond, shaded by great, cool-looking willows. Near by is a well of the old Egyptian type, with a wide well-sweep and a "balancer" in the shape of a bag of sand. Close to the watering-trough is a wooden platform, with an oak board hanging above it. Here the peasants gather every morning, the bailiff calls the roll, and then pounds upon the board with his mallet. It resounds like a great drum and is the signal to go to work. In the evening it calls the people from the fields.

There is a flour mill, a brewery, a blacksmith shop, and even a shoe shop on the estate. Men, women, and children are at work in the fields, and the machinery in use is the simplest kind. Few of the peasants work for wages. The landlord could not afford it. He supplies the seed and the fertilizer, the peasants furnish the horses and their own home-made machinery, and in the fall they get their share of the harvest. Sometimes it is little enough, but somehow it is made

to do until summer comes again. Nowhere in the world do people work harder for what they get than in Russia.

Christine and Ivan take us to see the peasant village. It is located not far from the farm buildings. There is no one at home but a few old people, and a swarm of half-clad children, too young for work and too old for their mothers to carry to the fields. The youngsters are guarded by an army of dogs which are strongly suspicious of us. Ivan cuffs them away, and we enjoy looking around. The straw-thatched, heavy log cottages are crowded close together on either side of the single street. They have but three rooms—kitchen, sleeping-room and storeroom. The ceiling is low and black with smoke; the floor is the ground. There is very little furniture—a few stools, benches and boxes, and a table. The stove, like all stoves in Russia, is a huge affair of fire-brick reaching nearly to the ceiling. The lower part has a small chamber about three feet in length. This is filled with wood and lighted. The flames rush up and around through the numerous fire-brick passages. In about half an hour the fire is burned out, and the whole mass of fire-brick is too hot to touch with the hand.

Then the iron door of the stove is closed to keep out the cold air, and for twenty-four hours this odd stove, which often contains two or three tons of fire-brick, radiates a steady heat, fully enough to warm two good-sized rooms. All the windows have double-strength, heavy storm sashes. In each room there is one window with a hinged pane. This is to let in fresh air in winter. "We have to be very careful how we open doors and windows then," says Ivan. "It is so terribly cold. If one of these panes is left open for five minutes, all the furniture and the walls will glisten with frost."

The lands which the peasants themselves own stretch out like ribbons here and there across the estate. "You can easily make them out," Christine tells us. "See! Each is planted with the things the peasant family most needs—potatoes, cabbages, rye, and as much flax as they can squeeze in. These, added to what they are able to make by working for father, supply their few wants."

We go with the Zamarkroffs to call on some "neighbors," forty or fifty miles away. The country roads are but little more than sand tracks, and we have to ford most of the streams.

But we are on horseback, and so do not mind. At almost every turn in the road we come upon shrines for prayer. Our Russian friends cross themselves in passing. Here and there we find a little building all balls and domes and cupolas. The roof and the main body of the walls are usually painted in bright hues of green or blue. It is a Russian church. Behind the church is a forest of wooden crosses, most of them unpainted and blackened with age, marking "God's acre." Near by is the home of the priest, a long, low dwelling, with thatched roof and whitewashed walls.

We accept an invitation to take tea with one of these priests,—an old gray-bearded, long-haired, kindly man, clad in a long violet surplice, with the odd round head-gear of his order. Poor fellow, he seems so glad to have us, and from his talk we learn just how lonely he and his family are. For, in Russia, the priest is a marked man. Somehow he has become linked with bad luck. The people think him capable of bringing evil upon them. When he is called in to bless the founding of a new home, as is the beautiful Russian custom, the people stand with their hands behind them and their fingers crossed! In case he should be evilly

disposed, no harm can, then, descend upon the house. In some parts of the country, to come suddenly upon a priest is as unlucky as to meet a crow, or a raven, or an undertaker in his funeral garb.

Ivan and Christine beg us to stay until winter comes. "It is jolly then," says Ivan. "When it gets down to twenty-five below, the boards snap and crack in the frost and you wake from your sleep with your hair on end, feeling sure that at least a dozen German howitzers are close at hand! It is great fun, too, to dash over the country in sledges; and if you do happen to upset, it hurts no more than a tumble into a big feather bed. We have sport hunting hares and wolves. And then there is the ordinary work at home—butchering, spinning and weaving. You would like making baskets of birch bark. We have to have oceans of them to market the dried fruit in, and we always get them ready in winter, when time is slack. Do stay!"

We are certainly tempted, especially when Christine brings out samples of the priceless linen which her mother and sisters weave, and says that they will gladly teach us the art. "You can go up to Moscow with us," Ivan adds, as a further induce-

ment. "Lots of our peasant friends here will go, too. They get work in the shops. They have to in order to get money to pay their taxes and so keep their lands from the crown. We shall make up quite a party!" But we note discouragement in the tail of our host's eye. He does not want us for city guests. He thinks perhaps we may tell some one how he has spent the summer. The Russian country gentleman, in his winter home in town, is fond of pretending that he doesn't know anything at all about the country! He is ashamed of being a farmer, and he tries to keep his friends from knowing that he is one. Not for the world would we betray our jolly host! So we thank the family for a most enjoyable time, and hasten to get away before the Frost King swoops down in his might.

Emanuel, a Son of Spain

EMANUEL is a small dusky-eyed, swarthy-skinned lad, with flashing teeth, and a beaming smile. His father owns an olive plantation, just a few miles from Madrid, the capital of Spain. Their house is a low rambling affair of stone, covered with stucco, and roofed with tile.

We arrive just in time for dinner, and never did *puchero*, fish croquettes, fruit, coffee and cheese taste so good. *Puchero* is a combination of meat and vegetables, with plenty of soup—a real old-fashioned boiled dinner. The soup is served first, then the meat and vegetables. Emanuel's father and mother and his grandmother, the old Señora, cannot do enough for us. They assure us repeatedly that the house and everything it contains, even the *hacienda* (the estate), is ours, and we have but to express our wishes !

Emanuel delightedly shows us all over the place. What hosts of bird houses he has put up ! They are for the martlets—the only bird in Spain sure at all times of welcome and safety. The Span-

iards say that this bird hovered near the cross of our Saviour and plucked the thorns from the crown on His brow!

All about stretches the groves of olive trees. They are knotty, gnarly trees, not unlike our common plum trees, but with darker leaves. They bear at the age of two years, and the tree is so long-lived that it is a common saying in Spain: "If you would have prosperity for your children and your children's children, plant olive trees." Everywhere men are shaking off the glossy purple fruit. Barefooted women and girls, with handkerchiefs knotted loosely over their heads, are gathering it into baskets. Boys are loading baskets and two-bushel sacks on the backs of donkeys and driving them off to mill. These faithful little beasts wear neither halter nor bridle, but go as the voice of their driver and his long prod, with a nail in the end of it, direct.

The mill is merely a stone trough, with a heavy wheel, dragged back and forth through it by another one of the much-used donkeys. The pulp is watered slightly and placed on straw mats in the simplest kind of a press. The olive oil rises to the top of the water and is skimmed off, only the heaviest being used for food. The balance is

used for burning. The pulp makes excellent hog feed. Emanuel says the olive is cream and butter to the Spaniards. Often it is meat, too. If a Spaniard has a journey to make, he takes along a bag of olives and munches them as he rides. In one part of the orchard, the pickers are gathering green olives. These are to be salted. Some of them will be stuffed and pickled.

Señor Carlos gives his orchards the best cultivation—that is best according to his lights. None of the Spaniards know how to farm. Their plough is a rough piece of wood tipped with iron. It merely scratches the soil. The farmers in the country round about the hacienda raise wheat, barley, corn, and rye. They live mostly in the village below and go back and forth to their work on donkeys. Often we meet one of these little animals so laden that he looks like a walking straw-stack; again there is one hidden beneath a mountain of grain bags. Sometimes there is a whole drove of them carrying home the harvest, driven by a rosy-cheeked lad, whistling along often far in the rear. We see many flocks of the heavy-fleeced merino sheep, with their quaintly-dressed shepherds and trusty dogs.

Emanuel is very proud of his native land, and

indeed he has every right to be. It is different from all other lands. Such wondrous sunshine and azure skies! Such magnificent mountain scenery! Such wealth of bloom in orchard and field! Never have we seen finer fruits and vegetables than are grown here.

"You must come with me to Madrid," says Emanuel. "We have the most beautiful royal palace in all the world. There is a grand staircase, fashioned of black and white marble, and so broad that twenty men abreast could easily climb it. The throne room is a wondrous place, with mosaic marbled floor, and richly gilded ceiling hung with huge chandeliers of rock-crystal. The walls are lined with mirrors set in costly marble, and everywhere are the most exquisite vases and beautiful statuary."

But it is the armory and the naval museum which most interest us. How our heart leaps and then stands still as we pause in the door of the armory! Straight toward us charges an army of cavalry, like a legion of specters, clad in armor, with swords in their hands. At first we almost think them real flesh and blood. It is an army of kings, dukes, and famous men of Spain. We recognize Columbus, King Ferdinand, the cruel,

iron-handed Philip II, and others. All about on the walls are helmets, swords, tournament lances, bows, guns, and immense muskets. From the ceiling hang the banners of all the armies of the world and trophies of war since Time began. Everywhere are marvelous works of art, statuary, and immortal names emblazed in brilliancy. Never have we seen anything so marvelous! We run here and there studying the scenes from mythology and history, worked out in silver and bronze, and mounted upon pedestals. There are pieces of armor and coats of mail from every race and clan, spurs, saddles, gilded stirrups, historical drums and sashes, daggers, and a collection of swords fierce and ugly enough to strike terror to all hearts.

In the museum is a room called the cabinet of the discoverers. It is the world of the fifteenth century. We roam about, growing more and more amazed, and finally pinch ourselves to make sure that we are awake. Here are trophies of every sort, gathered when Spain led the world in discovery and exploration. There are shields covered with the skins of wild beasts, javelins of cane with plumed notches, wooden sabers ornamented with manes and long bunches of hair,

enormous clubs, great swords fashioned like a saw, clothing made of monkey skin, etc. Chief of all, there is a great picture of the ships of Columbus—the *Nina*, the *Pinta*, and the *Santa Maria*, at the moment when American soil is sighted, with the sailors crowding the deck, and waving their arms in salute to the new world, even as they gave thanks to God. How clearly is shown the joy and relief of those storm-tossed mariners! We realize, as never before, how thankful must have been the heart of him who held to his fixed purpose “Sail on! Sail on and on!” in spite of jeers and wails and threats.

Out in the streets once more, we see, as in a dream, dark, rosy-faced beautiful women and little girls, in black velvet gowns, with lace mantillas over their heads. Here and there are Spanish gentlemen in short jackets and knee-breeches, with gay stockings and sandals; yonder are peasant girls in long-tasseled caps, short black velvet gowns, and bright colored shawls, with gaiters laced to the knee, or with stockings bound with criss-crossed ribbons. Here are peasant men wrapped in gay blankets; bull-fighters in bright costumes and the widest sombreros; monks with their three-cornered hats and long black

robes. Around the walls men and boys smoke and sleep in the sun. Everywhere are beggars with outstretched hands. We can hardly get rid of them. They seem to think Americans are made of money.

We pause in the shops only long enough to buy a Spanish charm against the Evil Eye. It is a tiny stag horn, tipped with silver, with a cord for hanging it round the neck woven from the hair of a black mare's tail. Emanuel says that it is a wonderful talisman! No doubt we shall find it so.

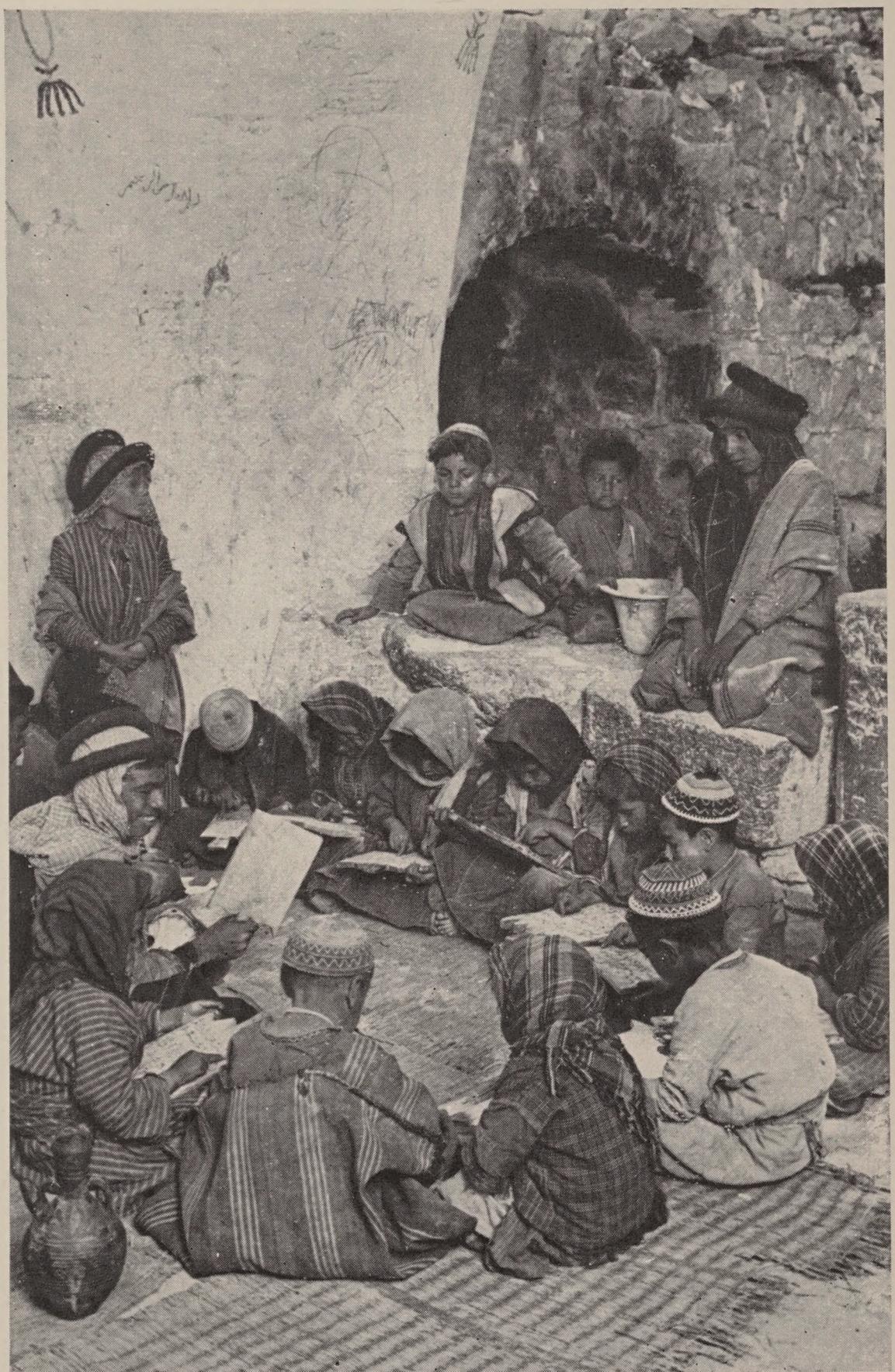
In the Prado, which is "the open-air drawing-room" of fashionable Madrid, we come upon a festival for the children. The street is lined with happy little folks, the gay scarfs and ribbons and black velvet dresses of the little girls, and the bright-colored sashes and turbans and the slashed black velvet jackets and knee-breeches of the little boys, forming a striking contrast. Never in all our lives have we seen such a bunch of gay stockings! All the colors of the rainbow and many shades between twinkle here and yonder. Occasionally we glimpse an urchin too poor to afford the glorious stockings. He has his legs wound and criss-crossed with strands of bright

rags. Every now and then a child runs up to us and holds out a hand, smilingly beseeching a small coin. Emanuel says that it is one of the valued privileges of this day of days. Certainly all about us the coins are being passed out most liberally! We notice several little girls with whole fists full. They will buy dolls, toys, and sweets, and you may be sure they will not soon forget the festival for the children.

Two Little Friends in the Orient

MARITZA and Karasu live in Bagdad. It is a wonderful old city of towers and minarets, far away to the East, in the realm of the Turks. This land is the old home of Adam and Eve, and here nearly all the tales described in the Bible took place. Indeed, we rub our eyes and slyly pinch ourselves, as we take our first view of the city. We seem to have stepped right into a picture of Old Testament times. All about us are long-bearded men in quaint flowing robes, bright colored turbans, and sandals. Veiled women walk up from the river's edge, with carefully balanced water jars on their shoulders—the same kind of jars we have seen countless times in Bible pictures. Farther on are the bazaars, exactly like those of centuries ago, and managed by just such a class of rascally, wheedling, cheating brown men as Christ drove from the temple.

The shopping streets are tunnel-like alleys, bricked over to keep out the heat. The stores are mere stalls, no larger than telephone booths.



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VILLAGE SCHOOL IN PALESTINE

The "merchant" sits cross-legged, with his goods piled high about him. Here on this street are shops with the most beautiful pottery; around the corner are booths of rare old Oriental rugs; the shops in the next square sell nothing but turbans; beyond are "abba" (robe) stalls. Only one kind of article for sale at a shop! Or, indeed, only one kind of article to be had in a whole block! What would these people think of our large department stores? We are glad we do not have to shop in this land.

Where are the grocery stores? Our little friends lead us to the public square, and we stuff our fingers in our ears to keep from being deafened. Such a multitude of gabbling, shouting venders! And such things as they have to sell! Toasted pumpkin seeds, baked gourds, manna, pomegranates, citrons, juice of dates, wine, goat sausage, piles and stacks of cucumbers,¹ tomato sauce, dried figs and dates, cheese, etc. Here comes a butcher. He has a yoke across his neck, and from either side of it hangs a freshly killed sheep. A little farther on is a man with some fresh beef. Here is a coop of

¹ Cucumbers form one of the principal articles of diet among the laboring classes.

live chickens. We do not see any pork. The people of the East do not eat it.

"Oh, look!" cries Maritza. "Let us go to the show!"

"Where?" we ask, gazing about rather vacantly. To our minds, the scene before us is quite "show" enough.

"Yonder," explains Karasu happily, dancing first on one foot then on the other. "The boy with the bagpipe is leading the way. Doubtless the show is just around the corner!"

A motley crowd of youngsters the lad has "drummed up"! They follow along after him shrieking and laughing, and fishing eagerly in their pockets for elusive pennies! Such a heathenish, unearthly racket as he makes! As he comes nearer, we find his bagpipe by far the queerest looking musical instrument we have ever seen. It is an inflated sheepskin, fitted with a mouthpiece and a section of reed pipe. The player holds the skin against his chest, and moves his fingers quickly over the holes. We wonder just what kind of a show it is that has him for an advance agent! But there is no denying our little friends, and presently we are standing in a dim stall watching a fakir pull

live toads from turbans and roll chickens into snakes.

Out in the street again, we meet a lad selling candy. His "shop" is a sort of little counter, arranged on a stool, with oddly balanced "pan scales" hanging from either side. If business is not good, he can pick up his shop and go somewhere else. But if he wants to keep out of a fight, Karasu says he must be careful not to get into a section claimed by some other candy "merchant." Here comes a roast-pea man. What is it he is saying? "*Umm Ennareins!*" "*Mother of Two Fires!*" He means that the peas have been twice roasted. The flower vendor cries: "*Salih Hamatak!*" meaning "Appease your mother-in-law." A good suggestion, indeed, in this land where every attention is given to the mother-in-law. No Turkish woman dares to sit down before her mother-in-law has been seated, or at table to help herself to food before the honored one has been served. If the mother-in-law is a member of the household, she has entire charge of affairs.

Look over there! How is that for a Turkish barber shop? Boys, don't you want a hair cut? See how hard that little chap is trying to hold

still, while the barber clips close about his ears! Surely never was there a more novel shop! It is a bench, just large enough to hold "the victim," a plate of lather, and a copper water heater. The towels are in a basket fastened to the window-lattice above; the barber keeps what few tools he needs in his pocket.

Here comes a giant Kurd, or "hamal," carrying a piano on his back! The hamals are the porters of this land. They do nearly all the fetching and carrying, our friends tell us, and so strong are they that one of them thinks nothing at all of carrying a couple of trunks on his back for a mile or more. They belong to a guild more powerful than any "union" of our land. Interfere with them in any way and you are mixed up in a strife from which the police are powerless to aid you. There are several branches or departments of hamals: custom house hamals, wood-chopping hamals, firemen hamals, night watch hamals, etc. And each is supreme in his own territory.

Suppose a resident in Turkey wishes to move. Don't imagine that he can pack up his furniture and depart at his own convenience. No, sir. He must notify the firemen hamals of his quarter. If

he doesn't, they appear and take charge anyway. They pack up and carry the furniture to the end of their quarter. The firemen in the next district take it on to their limits, and so on until the destination is reached. If there is a fire, the firemen will undertake to save the building if they can ; if not to carry out a man's goods for a certain sum. And you may be sure the price is always high enough ! It is easy to distinguish the firemen ; they go about in groups bareheaded and barefooted. In the daytime, they are led by a man swinging a brass wand ; at night the leader carries a big white linen lantern.

"We often hire one of the watchman hamals to guard our house when we go away," says Maritza. "They are very faithful. If we wish to go about at night, we have to carry a lighted lantern. Woe to the fellow who forgets ! The watchmen are quite sure he is out for no good purpose, if he goes along in the dark. At night, they beat the hours on the pavement with their clubs. If there is a fire, the whole kit and caboodle go bawling it at the top of their voices !"

Karasu says that they are *sitting* not far from the *konak* of Effendi Al-Harun. She means that her family *lives* near the palace of this great man

of wealth. The Turks always say they are *sitting* at, instead of living at, such and such a place. And it is literally true! You never saw such a nation of sitters! A Turkish woman will sit for hours and hours at a time, with her hands loosely folded in her lap, just doing nothing at all. The men vary the program a little. They smoke as they sit!

Occasionally we meet a Turkish gentleman with one or more children with him. But never, under any circumstances, do we meet one accompanied by a lady. Nor do the Turkish women dare leave home without the consent of their lord, excepting to attend the hamman, or Turkish bath. The bath is the Turkish lady's club, where she meets her friends, is introduced to new acquaintances, and hears all the news of the day.

The furniture in the home of our Turkish friends is made up chiefly of hard divans, cushions, and straight-backed European chairs, standing stiffly against the wall. One or two walnut tray-stools, or coffee-tables, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, are usually placed near the divans to hold ash-trays, matches, and other trifles. There are no beds. The bedding is kept in cupboards built in the wall. When bedtime

arrives the servants come in and make up beds on the floor. Instead of a bath room, there is a small closet with a hole in the floor for the water to escape through. If a Turk wishes to wash his hands and face, a slave brings the ewer and basin and pours on water; for these people object to washing in anything but running water.

We find it hard to get used to going without our breakfast. This meal is not served in Turkey. The elders have coffee and cigars. The children are given a few coppers to buy something of the street venders. Sometimes they get fruit or candy, again they have fancy bread or little cakes. The bread-man's "cart" is a donkey with huge baskets on either side. Early in the morning the baskets are heaped into a pyramid over the animal's back, so that little but his stubby legs and head can be seen.

The Turkish dinner is a grand affair of many courses. Favorite dishes are: vegetables stuffed with rice, minced meat and heavy seasoning, and cooked in oil; lamb stuffed with rice and decorated with pine kernels and currants; meat broiled on skewers and served with batter pudding; macaroni, with tomato sauce and cheese. Watermelon and fruit preserves are nibbled at

between courses. Before the meal is begun servants approach and pour water over the hands from odd-shaped brass jugs; others hold basins to catch it as it falls; others offer embroidered towels, which are kept as napkins.

The homes of the rich are running over with servants, rank upon rank, and like the hamals, each will do his own work and no other. In the kitchen there is always an old woman whose sole business is to fan the several small charcoal fires with a turkey wing! In the reception room is another who is ready at a moment's notice to brew a cup of coffee. It takes as many servants as there are guests to serve coffee at a dinner party. They enter and stand in a row at the lower end of the room, with arms crossed on their breasts in the attitude of respect. The head waiter passes to the center of the room with the handsomely appointed coffee service. One by one the attendants advance, pour a cup of the beverage, and pass it on a silver holder, after which they return to their former position to wait until they are required to take the empty cup.

"Here comes a party of 'viewers,'" laughs Maritza, in one of our walks. "Let us watch where they go!" Then, seeing that we do not

understand, she explains hurriedly: "It is a mother, two of her relatives, and a professional matchmaker. They are going to choose a wife for the lady's son. They have made out a list of young ladies, and are going to call on each in turn."

A portress admits the veiled figures at the door of an imposing house just a few paces from us.

"You know," says Karasu, "it doesn't matter whether these people know one another or not. As soon as the hostess is told of the visitors' errand, she makes haste to welcome them, while her eldest daughter hurries away to her room to make herself beautiful. The ladies exchange no end of compliments, and talk of anything but the business in hand. Soon the daughter comes in, kisses the hands of the guests, and proceeds to serve them with coffee. She says very little, and after she has removed the empty cups, she salaams low, and retires.

"No matter what they may really think, the guests shower the mother with compliments of her daughter. Then the chief viewer tells her son's virtues, what dower he will settle on his bride and the sum he is willing to pay her parents. She also asks the girl's age and whether she has

any fortune. Finally she rises to leave, saying : 'If it is their *Kismet*, they may become better acquainted.' "

When all on the list have been seen, the mother carefully describes those she likes best to her husband and son. They weigh the matter for a few days, and finally choose the one they think best suited for the honor ! The matchmaker notifies the fortunate young lady's mother, and then, if all the business terms can be arranged satisfactorily, there is a grand wedding. Usually the young man does not see his bride's face till after the marriage.

Maritza and Karasu have a married sister. A little babe has just come to Calipha's home, and the girls are delighted. They are weaving garlands, making sweets, and dipping into all sorts of preparations. For the little one is three days old on the morrow, and there is to be a grand welcome for it. Professional " bringers of tidings " have gone all over the city bearing a bottle of sherbet and a note of invitation to each of Calipha's friends saying that she is keeping open house in honor of her first-born babe.

" It is a horrid, nasty little thing !" says Maritza, in a tone of great disgust. But we know she

doesn't really think so. No one praises babies in Turkey. It might call the wrath of the Evil Eye down upon them !

Such a happy occasion as the welcoming proves to be ! Parties of guests arrive from every direction. They are preceded by servants carrying baskets of sweets, decorated with flowers, and tied with bits of gauze and ribbon. We enter with a gay group, and after leaving our wraps in an anteroom, go at once to the state bedchamber, where the proud mother awaits us with glad, happy eyes. "*Marshallah !* Long-lived and happy may it be !" we exclaim, following the example of those before us, and Calipha kisses our hands. No further mention is made of the baby. At length, however, the father's grandmother arrives. The baby is her first great-grandson, and of course she is eager to see it. She pretends to spit at it, and then takes it up.

"The dirty, cross-eyed little beast !" she says scornfully. The remark does not deceive any one present, but, no doubt, the Evil Eye is fairly well fooled !

After a few minutes we go down to the gorgeously decorated dining-room, where we are served with a hearty luncheon. Bands of hidden

musicians play soft, weird music, and everywhere is gayety and merriment. In a room adjoining are many people who have called to wish the little one well. These have not received invitations, and so only light refreshments are served to them.

On our way home we meet a gay procession, with a little boy, riding a beautiful, richly-decked horse, as the center of honor. "It is little Raschid Al-Zaliph," cries Karasu. "He must be ready to begin school. See, those are teachers marching backward in front of him. They are inviting him to the pleasant path of knowledge!"

How gayly the little fellow is decorated! His little fez (turban) is almost hidden with pearl tassels, strings of gold coins, pendants and what not. These are worn as charms against the Evil Eye. His suit is of the gayest, richest material. On his neck and arms, and fastened elsewhere about on his person, are all the jewels his parents own or could borrow. Just behind him a little lad carries a copy of the Koran (the Mohammedan Bible) on a silken cushion. Another bears a folding book-stand of walnut wood, inlaid with pearl. A third has a writing-case of velvet, embroidered with stars and crescents. Behind these

come the rest of the school children. They are chanting verses which set forth the pleasures of knowledge, the virtue in loving one's neighbors, and in reverencing parents and teachers. Occasionally the chants refer to the glorification of the Sultan, and all the bystanders join in the chorus.

"When the procession gets back to Raschid's home," says Maritza, "his father will give coppers to all the children, and to the poor who gather at the gate."

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